800. The warm-air apparatus is supplied by Staden. The tower and spire are 100 feet high. The building stands entirely apart, in the centre of its own grounds, and a massive and handsome palisading separates the whole from the street. Divine service was held morning and evening. In the morning the devotional parts were conducted by the Rev. H. E. Von Sturmer (the minister), J. Bartlett (Independent), J. Horne (of Evesham), and J. Gullan (Presbyterian). The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Landels, to a large congregation, from John xii. 22. The collection exceeded £50. A cold collation was partaken of at the Guildhall under the presidency of the deputy-mayor. In the evening the Revs. H. E. Von Sturmer, Thomas Dodd (Countess of Huntingdon's), and M. Philpin (Baptist) of Alcester, took part in the service; and every available spot was crowded to hear the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., who took his text from 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17. The amount collected brought up the whole to £88. R. B. Sherring, Esq., of Bristol, made this £100. On Sunday, the 24th, the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, preached both morning and evening. £30 were collected. The cost of the entire building (not including schools) will be about £5000. The munificent sum of £1500, given by one gentleman, E. B. Evans, Esq., of Whitbourne Hall, has been doubled by the people. And with the proceeds of the old property added to this, the deficiency will be about £500.

LYONSHALL, HEREFORDSHIRE. — The Baptists have begun in right good earnest to build their long-talked-of chapel in this village. The building in which they have held their meetings was far too small and inconvenient, and in consequence of having soon to give up the room, they determined to rise and build a suitable house to worship in, and on Thursday, August 4, the village presented a very cheerful and animated appearance. Tea was provided in a new barn, kindly lent by Mr. R. Bryan, near the site of the new chapel, and it was calculated that about 600 persons sat down to tea. After tea, the company adjourned to the site of the chapel. The Rev. C. Wilson Smith, pastor of the Baptist church of Kington (of which church this is a branch), gave out a hymn and read the 147th Psalm. The Rev. S. Blackmore, of Eardisland, delivered an excellent address. Mr. R. Short, the senior deacon, then presented the rev. gentleman with the trowel, and in the name of the building committee requested him to lay the memorial stone. After laying the stone, and offering prayer that God would bless the undertaking, he laid a check for £10 (his own contribution), and smaller sums that had been entrusted to him, upon the stone. This good example was followed by other friends coming forward with their gifts, and £22 18s. 5d. was collected at the stone. The doxology was then sung, and the friends returned to the barn, which is a very large one, and was soon crowded. The chair being taken by the pastor, the Revs. S. Blackmore, W. H. Payne, of Presteign, George Phillips, of Evenjobb, and J. Jones, of Rock, addressed the meeting. The building is to be built of brick, and is estimated to cost £245, nearly half of which has been raised, £22 18s. 5d. at the stone, £2 7s. 8d. in the meeting afterwards, and the rest by subscription. The new chapel is expected to be completed by November next.

WEYMOUTH.—The above place of worship was first opened July 28th, 1814, when sermons were preached by Dr. Ryland, of Bristol; Mr. Porter, of Bath; and Mr. Saffery, of Salisbury. The fiftieth anniversary was observed on the 28th of July, when the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's Park Chapel, preached two most impressive, eloquent, and earnest sermons; in the morning from John xii. 32, and in the evening from the parable of the Wedding Feast, Matt. xxii. 1–14. On the previous Sunday, preparatory sermons had been preached, in the morning by the Rev. I. Birt, and in the evening by the Rev. W. T. Rosevear, of Abingdon, who founded a powerful and instructive discourse on the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Acts xx. 35. A bazaar was held on the Monday in aid of the funds for the improvement of the interior of the chapel. On the Tuesday evening a public tea-meeting was held in the school-rooms, and addresses were afterwards delivered by Mr. Rosevear, and by the Independent ministers, the Revs. R. S. Ashton and W. Lewis, and other friends. An account was given at this meeting of the origin of the Baptist church at Weymouth, and its progress up to the present time. The whole of the proceedings in celebration of the jubilee of the chapel were of a very interesting and successful character, the members and friends being also much cheered by the fact that they had been enabled to clear off the whole of the outlay incurred by the recent improvements.

WEST GORTON, MANCHESTER.—On Sunday, the 17th of July, the new school and mission-room recently erected in this place by the church and congregation assembling in Union Chapel, Oxford Road (Rev. Alex. McLaren, B.A.), was opened

for public worship. In the morning, Divine service was conducted by the Rev. Geo. Whitehead, late of Shotley Bridge, the newly-appointed minister of the place, who preached from Acts v. 20: in the afternoon, by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Grosvenor Street Chapel, from John xii. 21; and in the evening by the Rev. Alex. McLaren, from Rev., iii. 20. On the following Monday evening a public tea-meeting was held to celebrate the occasion. After tea, the chair was taken by the Rev. Alex. McLaren, who offered Mr. Whitehead a most cordial welcome to the important sphere of his labours. The secretary, Mr. Mathews, gave a brief account of the rise and progress of the effort. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. R. Chenery (York Street), the Rev. G. Whitehead, the Rev. R. Stanion, of East Gorton, the Rev. C. Rumney, and others. Much sympathy and the warmest wishes were expressed for the success of Mr. Whitehead's labours in the locality. The building is very commodious, and is capable of holding about 500, exclusive of class and other rooms adjoining, and cost upwards of £600, the greater part of which has been raised by the contributions of friends connected with Union Chapel.

GRAFTON, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid in this village on Wednesday, August 10, by William Stephenson, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon. A tea-meeting preceded, and a public meeting in the open air followed the ceremony; suitable addresses being delivered by the Revs. R. Hall (pastor of the Baptist church at Stratford), S. C. Burn, of Cardiff, J. Hall (Primitive Methodist minister, of Stratford), and Messrs. Cox and Atkinson, of Stratford-on-Avon, and Wilkes, of Grafton. An excellent address was delivered by Mr. Stephenson, at the laying of the stone; and a beautifully-illuminated parchment, containing the names of the pastor and deacons of the church at Stratford, and of the trustees of the chapel about to be erected, was enclosed in the cavity of the stone, together with copies of the Stratford *Herald* and *Chronicle*, and *The Nonconformist* newspapers (all the copies of that week's *Freeman* having been inadvertently posted off). The old chapel, which was very small, has been for the last twenty-five years in the occupation of the Baptists, having formerly been a place of worship for Moravians. The congregations have for many months past been unable to find accommodation within its walls, and the building was also considerably out of repair, so that it was judged necessary to rebuild.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—On the evening of July 19th, a crowded and deeply-interesting meeting was held in the school-room, Northbrook Street, Newbury, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. J. Drew, the late pastor of the church in that town, on his removal to Halifax. After tea, which was largely attended, Ernest Noel, Esq., took the chair, and opened the proceedings with kind and appropriate remarks. Henry Flint, Esq. (the senior deacon of the church), then addressed the meeting and Mr. Drew, concluding a touching address by presenting Mr. Drew, on behalf of the congregation, with a timepiece and a purse containing upwards of forty pounds, "as an expression of their high esteem and appreciation of his services among them for upwards of nineteen years as a minister of the Gospel." Mr. Drew, in a lengthened address, in the course of which he reviewed his ministry at Newbury, and expressed his thankfulness to God for the usefulness which had been granted to him, acknowledged the kindness of his friends, of whom he spoke with great affection and regard; he also acknowledged the gift of a handsome dinner-service which was presented to Mrs. Drew. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. P. G. Scorey and Mr. Obern, and by Mr. Blacket.

CEMETERY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.—A crowded tea-meeting was held on Tuesday evening, July 26th, in the school-rooms connected with the Cemetery Road Chapel, Sheffield, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. Henry Ashbery, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Wellington Road, Luton. About 300 persons were present at tea. After tea, the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., took the chair, and, in a brief address, bore testimony to the earnest devotion of Mr. Ashbery, and the very great esteem in which he is held, not only by his own congregation, but by the town generally. Mr. M'Gill made a similar speech, which he concluded by presenting to Mr. Ashbery, on behalf of the congregation, a purse containing £40, accompanied with a beautifully-mounted address, in which the best wishes of the subscribers were expressed. Mr. Ashbery, in an appropriate and touching manner, acknowledged the gift, and offered suitable advice to the church and congregation he was called in God's providence to leave. Other addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Flather, R. Macbrair, H. Tarrant, and J. Calvert, of Attercliffe; and Messrs. Davidson, Winks, and others.

DRAKE STREET CHAPEL, ROCHDALE.—This chapel, under the pastorate of the Rev. A. Pitt, after undergoing extensive alterations, was re-opened on Thursday, August 4th, and Sunday, August 7th, when excellent sermons were preached by the Revs. C. M. Birrell; W. F. Burchell, of Blackpool; and E. C. Lewis, of Rochdale. On Saturday, August 13, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Marshall, B.A.; E. C. Lewis; H. W. Parkinson; L. Seddon; W. M. Fox; R. Eardley, B.A.; A. Pitt; Messrs. John Ashworth, W. J. Hall, and T. Watson. The attendance on each occasion was large, and all the services deeply-interesting. The chapel is now commodious and capacious. The entire cost is £600, of which £505 have been raised. The increase of the congregation necessitated more accommodation, besides which there was a disagreeable echo, which the galleries have quite removed. H. Kelsall, Esq., with his accustomed liberality, is building a large, handsome, two-storied school-room, which will cost £1,200. It is situated behind the chapel.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The services connected with the opening of the new school and lecture-rooms in connection with the General Baptist Chapel, High Street, Boston, commenced on Sunday, July 24th, with two sermons by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, pastor. On the following Monday there was a public tea, after which addresses were given by the Revs. T. W. Mathews; J. T. Wigner (of Lynn); and W. Cholerton (of Sutterton); Mr. W. Stout, &c. The chair was taken by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, who gave a very interesting account of the origin of the General Baptists in Boston—a history which dates as far back as the year 1653. At the close of the meeting a presentation was made to the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn, who, a short time ago, entertained in such a princely manner the ministers and friends of the Baptist Association, held at Boston, when they went to Lynn for a day's relaxation. The present consisted of "Smith's Biblical Dictionary," beautifully bound, in three volumes. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought this interesting meeting to a close.

CHELSEA.—The memorial-stone of a new Baptist chapel, near the new barracks, Chelsea, was laid on Thursday, June 30th, by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon addressed the assembly. The pastor, Mr. Frank H. White, read a short statement of the history of the church from its establishment in 1817—a copy of which, with a photograph of Sir Morton Peto, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. White, was deposited in a bottle and placed underneath the stone. The Rev. T. Alexander, of Chelsea, opened, and the Rev. J. Offord, of Bayswater, closed, with prayer. A tea and public meeting was held in the evening of the same day at Markham Square Chapel, presided over by W. G. Habershon, Esq. Addresses were given by the Revs. Samuel Martin, R. Brindley, W. Statham, J. A. Spurgeon, George Evans, Captain Fishbourne, and the pastor. The offerings during the day amounted to £200, £69 of which was brought by the pastor of Upton Chapel, a young lady connected with his church having herself collected upwards of £60.

LINCOLN.—The Rev. W. Goodman being about to resign the pastorate over the Baptist church, Mint Lane, Lincoln, where he has laboured assiduously and faithfully during the last thirteen years, the church and congregation were desirous of presenting him with a token of their esteem. On the 27th of July a tea was provided in the vestry of the chapel for the members of the church and other contributors, when the Rev. J. Morton, of Collingham, presided, and the Revs. C. Scott and S. Wright, C. Doughty, Esq., ex-Mayor, and Messrs. J. Ward and W. H. Blow, spoke in highly commendatory terms of the reverend gentleman. Mr. H. Barnes, one of the deacons, read an address prepared for the occasion, and presented to the pastor a purse containing the sum of £86; and to Mrs. Goodman, as a recognition of her valuable services to the church, a nickel silver tea-service. Mr. Ward, the superintendent of the Sunday school, on behalf of the teachers, presented to the same lady a beautiful tea-caddy, accompanying the presentation with a justly-merited encomium.

WOKINGHAM.—On Wednesday, July 13th, interesting services were held in connection with the entire removal of the debt incurred in the erection of the Baptist chapel, begun in July, 1861. In the afternoon the Rev. W. Brock, of London, preached from John ii. 5. About 350 persons then partook of tea in a tent near the chapel. After tea the friends returned to the chapel, when the Rev. P. G. Scorey, the minister, gave a somewhat detailed history of the efforts which had been made to erect and pay for the commodious house of prayer in which they were met. A statement of the finances was followed by addresses from the Revs. F. Stevenson and H. Bulmer, of Reading; and the evening service immediately commenced, when the venerable J. H. Hinton, M.A.,

preached from John x. 11. The chapel was opened just three years since, and the entire cost, with lecture-room, warming apparatus, and a part of the burial-ground, amounted to £1875. About £1700 has been raised by the congregation and friends in the neighbourhood, and the rest by those at a greater distance.

GREENFIELD CHAPEL, LLANELLY.—The anniversary services of this chapel were held on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 14 and 15. On the Sunday, the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., President of Haverfordwest College, preached three able and earnest sermons to attentive congregations. On the Monday evening, a public meeting took place, the Rev. D. M. Evans, minister of the place, presiding, when effective addresses were delivered by the Revs. Mr. Edmunds; T. Davies, Siloah; J. James, Park Street Chapel; W. Hughes, Bethel; G. P. Evans, of Swansea; and D. Rees, Chapel Ala. The chairman stated that during the services on the previous day, upwards of £180 had been received towards paying off all the debt remaining on the chapel, and that it was their intention that evening to get rid of all their liabilities. The plates were sent round in the course of the meeting, and it was soon announced that the sum required had been obtained, the proceeds of all the services amounting to £195 13*s.* 0*d.* The meeting concluded with praise and prayer.

CARDIFF.—On Tuesday, August 16, the memorial stone of the new Bethany Chapel, now being built in St. Mary's Street, Cardiff, was laid by Thomas Hopkins, Esq. In the stone was deposited a large glass bottle containing copies of the Magazines and of *The Freeman*; a record of the church's history, prepared and read by the pastor, the Rev. Rees Griffiths; a history of the Baptists in Cardiff, by Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool; a jubilee history of the Bethany Sunday school, by one of the teachers; together with the photographs of the different pastors of the church, and of the building committee, &c. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. J. B. Lance, of Newport, and by some of the ministers of the town, who, with all present, seemed deeply interested in the proceedings. The new building is progressing rapidly, and it will be opened early in the new year.

BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON.—A very interesting meeting of the church and congregation was held in the Borough Road Chapel, London, on the evening of Tuesday, July 19, for the purpose of publicly welcoming the return from America of their pastor, the Rev. J. Harcourt, after an absence of six months, occasioned by the loss of his voice. Resolutions expressive of their gratitude to God for the safe return of their pastor in renewed health, and also of the hearty thanks of the church to the various ministers who have so kindly and efficiently supplied the pulpit during Mr. Harcourt's absence, were unanimously carried; and addresses of congratulation and encouragement were delivered by the Revs. J. Clifford, M.A., J. Batey, I. Doxsey, and by Mr. R. Alexander, Mr. J. Underwood, Mr. W. McMiken, and Mr. E. Stiff.

CHATHAM.—A memorial-stone was laid in the Mission Chapel, now in course of erection in Luton Road, Chatham, on Thursday evening, July 28th. The meeting was begun by singing, after which Mr. Love offered prayer. The Rev. John Lewis, minister of Zion Chapel, gave an address. The stone was then laid by James Watchurst, Esq., who, after a speech appropriate to the occasion, gave out the psalm, "From all that dwell below the skies." Messrs. Belsey and Whitehead then spoke on the importance of Sunday school instruction, and the prospects which stimulated them to commence such labours in that neighbourhood. "How beautiful upon the mountains" was then sung by a number of elder scholars from other Zion schools, and the meeting was concluded by prayer and singing the doxology. The attendance was excellent.

QUEEN STREET, WOOLWICH.—One of the largest tea-meetings ever held in this place of worship was convened on Tuesday, August 16. The occasion was the third anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Teall as pastor; and all the provisions having been kindly given by different friends, the entire proceeds of the evening, amounting to nearly £17, were put into a handsome purse made for the occasion, and presented to Mr. Teall as a token of respect and gratitude.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—On Thursday, July 28th, a new chapel, called Succoth Chapel, was opened in this place. Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, London, preached morning and afternoon. Mr. Charles Drawbridge, thirty-eight years minister to this church of Christ, preached in the evening. Some hundreds of persons could not gain admission. The contributions amounted to £58 7*s.* 3*d.* The place is enrolled in Chancery, and legally secured in the hands of trustees.

EDINBURGH.—The congregation of Dublin Street Chapel (the Rev. Jonathan Watson's) met on Thursday evening, July 28th, and passed a resolution to introduce the use of the organ in public worship. The vote was all but unanimous. In

Scotland, where a proposal to introduce an organ in a Baptist chapel was probably never before made, considerable interest is attached to the decision which has been arrived at.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. R. J. Evans, late of Manorbier, Pembrokeshire, formerly of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Langley, Essex, and entered upon his labours the last Sabbath in August.—The Rev. P. P. Rowe, M.A., having resigned the pastorate of the church at Thrapston, is at liberty to supply any vacant church with a view to the pastorate.—The Rev. W. S. Webb, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous and urgent call of the church at Blakeney, Gloucestershire, and has entered upon his duties with much promise of usefulness.—The Rev. E. Stenson, late of Sutton St. James, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Union Place, Longford.—The Rev. C. T. Keen, jun., has accepted a cordial invitation to return to a former charge, Bridgnorth, Salop, and will be succeeded at Ballymena, Ireland, by the Rev. W. S. Eccles, late of Banbridge.—The Rev. C. Deavin has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, which he has held for upwards of six years, and is open to an invitation from any vacant church.—The Rev. T. H. Jones, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, has sent in his resignation to the church there, and intends leaving in the course of September.—The Rev. J. W. Boulding, of Glasgow, has resigned the pastorate of the Bath Street church there, and purposes connecting himself with the Independents.—Mr. Daniel Davies, senior student of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church, St. David's, Pembrokeshire, and intends commencing his labours the second Lord's day in September.—Mr. George Rees, student from Haverfordwest College, has complied with the unanimous request of the Baptist church, Hay, Brecknockshire, to become their pastor, and commenced his labours the first Sunday in August.—The Rev. J. W. Thorne has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Dawley Bank, and has entered upon his stated labours.—The Rev. J. D. Alford (whose baptism at Shrewsbury was lately published in *The Reporter*), has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Welshpool, to succeed the Rev. J. W. Thorne.—The Rev. J. H. Lambert has resigned his charge at Milton, and accepted a cordial invitation from the church at Union Chapel, Lynn, to become their pastor.—The Rev. T. Peters, of Kingsbridge, has accepted the invitation of the church at Watford, and is expected to commence his ministry there the first Sunday in October.—The Rev. Dr. Brewer has resigned the pastorate of the church at Blenheim Chapel, Leeds.—The Rev. J. C. Wells, of Houghton, Hunts, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Cottenham, Cambs.—The Rev. D. Thompson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bilderstone, Suffolk.—The Rev. George St. Clair, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Banbury, and will enter on the duties of the pastorate on the second Lord's day in September.—The Rev. W. Goodman, B.A., of Lincoln, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Belvedere, Kent, and commenced his ministry on the first Sunday in August.—The Rev. T. M. Roberts, B.A., of Aldborough, Suffolk, has been cordially and unanimously invited to the pastorate of the church at Newbury, Berks, and will commence his duties there on the third Sunday in September.

GENERAL.

STORIES ABOUT RELICS.—A correspondent of *The Morning Star*, writing from Cologne, on August 9, says:—"Many years ago, a great amount of public excitement was produced by the exhibition, in the city of Treves, of the remnants of a holy garment, said to have been preserved from the commencement of the Christian era. The scenes which that city presented, at the time in question, are just now being reproduced in the holy city of Cologne—'the German Rome,' as some people call it. For the past fortnight, crowds of pilgrims have been journeying incessantly to that spot, by rail, by road, and by river. The humble villagers, who could not avail themselves of the excursion train with which the more favoured denizens of cities contrived to abbreviate the hardships of the journey, wended their way in the sluggish waggons of the country; and from every quarter of the compass long caravans of these vehicles have poured into the city. Those who dwell on the banks of the Rhine have been carried to the same destination in steamboats, all covered with gay flags and banners. The narrow streets of Cologne are fuller of life than usual, owing to the number of strangers in the city; and most of the houses are ornamented externally by garlands, flags, and flowers. The

cause of all this bustle is that it is 700 years since the skulls of the three holy kings were brought to Cologne—I believe from Milan. The pilgrims have assembled to celebrate the 700th anniversary of that event. The skulls—or rather, a number of bones, understood once to have formed them—are enclosed in three small boxes, or chests, not so large as a child's head. One of these boxes and its contents are of a black or dark tint, and this, it is believed among the faithful, is the skull of the Ethiopian King; an idea, apparently, resting on the conception that because a negro has a black skin he must have black bones. The smallness of the cases in which the osseous relics rest, was the ground on which some people questioned whether the skulls were really those of full-grown men. This doubt has unfortunately been, at least to some extent, confirmed. The priests who are charged with the preservation of the precious relics, in a rash moment consulted Dr. Shaffhausen, a professor of medicine at the University of Bonn, on this question; when, to their horror, that gentleman—whose orthodoxy there appears no ground for questioning—declared that one of the skulls was that of an infant. When it was put to him whether the age of the infant might not have been as much as fifteen, he declared it impossible; and pointing to the jawbones, he showed that they still contained milk. Hence the legend has grown up that these are the crania which belonged to the three kings when they were children. The shock which the feelings of the above-mentioned learned professor experienced at the discovery he made, could not have been greater than that which the celebrated physiologist, Dr. Johannes Müller, underwent, under circumstances of a somewhat similar nature. Professor Müller, than whom no German of modern times possessed a higher reputation in the branch of science to which he was devoted, was nevertheless a devout Catholic. One day he was kneeling in prayer, in a temple on the banks of the Rhine, and before a chest of relics, when suddenly he stopped from his devotional exercises, sprang to his feet, and, after eyeing the contents of the chest sharply for a moment, exclaimed, in a tone of unaffected surprise, 'Why, these are calves' bones!' The scientific propensities of the professor had fairly got the better of his religious instincts at a most inopportune time and place, which he could not but afterwards regret."

ANOTHER MORTARA CASE.—A despatch from Rome, dated July 27, informs us that a Hebrew child has been forcibly kidnapped to the "Catecumeni," to be baptized against the will of its parents. The *Opinione* has the following particulars respecting it, from Rome, under date of 26th July:—"Here in Rome, a fact much worse than that of the Mortara child has occurred. A Hebrew boy, ten years old, son of Michele Coen, was working at a shoemaker's who keeps a shop on the Quattro Capi Bridge, No. 13. He is a quiet, industrious youth. Suddenly a priest arrives, and, turning to the master of the shop, tells him that he has a shoe to be mended, and wishes him to send it him back by the sharp and intelligent boy Coen. Then, as if repenting of the words that he had just said, and changing his mind, he added to the shoemaker, 'I had better wait and go with the boy myself, because, as he does not know the way, he might get lost, and not be able to find my house.' The Catholic master and the ingenuous youth suspected nothing. The former ordered the boy to go with the priest; but the latter, instead of going home, took the boy to the 'Catecumeni,' and left him there, in spite of the opposition and fury of the youth, who asked to return to his master's, or to be sent back to his family. His cries and tears were of no avail. As the father did not see his son return home at the usual hour, he went to inquire after him at his master's, and was told by him that he knew nothing of him. Then he thought of the baptism of Mortara, and of other similar offences against liberty of conscience and paternal authority. And he was not mistaken, for on going to the Catecumeni, he learnt that his son had been taken there by a priest. He asked to see him, and was refused; he applied to the authorities, but in vain. The Hebrew community made application, but it was of no use, for all the doors were shut, and the only answer they could get was that a soul was to be saved, and that, in consideration of that holy thought, paternal rights were not to be regarded. We recommend this fact to the attention of honest men. In the year of grace 1864, in the full daylight of civilization, under the eyes of the French soldiery, and protected by the glorious French flag, priests dare to violate the most sacred rights, to laugh at family affection, and to snatch away children from their parents. And the government that authorizes these villanies is to be tolerated in Europe?"

ANOTHER BAPTIST MINISTER JOINING THE INDEPENDENTS.—The Rev. Mr. Boulding, lately pastor of the Baptist church assembling in the Exhibition Rooms, Bath Street, Glasgow, preached in Nicholson Street Congregational church—the Rev. David Russell's—on Sabbath

afternoon, to an attentive audience. He chose for his text, Rom. i. 15, 16; and referred to the courage of the apostle in making such a declaration to lordly Rome, as that he was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." The rev. gentleman concluded an eloquent and impressive discourse by entreating all present who had not yet submitted themselves to the righteousness which is by faith, to do so at once. We understand that Mr. Boulding, after mature consideration, has renounced anti-pædobaptism as unscriptural, and consequently resigned his pastorate during the course of last week. It will, no doubt, startle and disappoint many of those with whom he was in communion, to have their connection so briefly terminated, as he is a young man of much promise—was one of the students of Mr. Spurgeon, of London, first class, and great things were expected of him. He made no reference, of course, on Sabbath afternoon, to the trying ordeal through which he must lately have passed, although he was evidently speaking under very deep emotion and appreciation of the stand he has taken; and it is to be hoped that no bad feeling may arise from his adoption of infant baptism as an essential and scriptural part of the Christian system.—*Glasgow Morning Journal.*

A NEW DISQUALIFICATION FOR DISSENTERS.—Is it essential to the existence of the Establishment that none but Episcopalians should have charge of prisoners in our gaols? The authorities at Shepton-Mallet seem to think so; since, in advertising for a guard for the House of Correction, they announce that "Candidates for the situation must be members of the Church of England." In virtue of what statute, or of what principle, is it that Dissenters are disqualified for filling so humble, and so exclusively secular, a post as that of a gaoler? It is not that they have hitherto shown themselves unfit to be trusted; for we believe that some of the best guards already in Shepton-Mallet gaol are Dissenters, and others have even been pensioned off for long and good service. The innovation is, we assume, the result of the appointment of a new governor; but, whoever may be responsible for the offensive announcement, it will be necessary to put a stop to such petty encroachments on the rights of a large class of the population.—*The Liberator.*

"THE REV. W. MITCHELL."—The following note, to which we direct special attention, appears in a recent issue of *The Freeman*:—

"Dear Sirs,—I find, by a note from the superintendent of police at Dudley, that Mr. W. Mitchell is still in this country, and trying to obtain subscriptions by using my name. He was before the police at Hounslow some time since, and I told the officer who waited upon me, that he was disowned by the friends who had sent him over; that I had long ago publicly disavowed all connection with him; and that he was a bad, immoral man. I now repeat that statement in your columns, in the hope that if any friend should meet with him, and especially if any application should be made by him, the book which he presents may be secured, and he may thus be deprived of one means of doing more mischief. I cannot but be astonished at the man's audacity, after what has occurred, in referring the police-officer at Dudley to me. I am glad that, in my absence, my colleague wrote to denounce him to the authorities there.

"I am, dear Sirs, yours ever truly,

"FRED. TRESTRAIL."

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE month after the prorogation of Parliament is always a "dull time:" this year it seems *especially* dull, through the interest of the topics which were discussed previously to the prorogation. Now, with the Danish question finally disposed of, and all questions of home politics for the time shelved, there seems to be really nothing to talk about—unless it be about Belfast riots, and Royal festivities, and the important but somewhat stale topic of the American War. It is to be hoped that there *will* be a change soon, if it be only for the sake of the Editors!

The topics that have excited the *most* interest during the month, have been Ecclesiastical. The discussion on "Baptismal Regeneration and Clerical Subscription," that began with the publication of Mr. Spurgeon's

sermon, has by no means abated in extent or interest—every day witnessing the publication of some new "Letter" or "Discourse," in reply to the celebrated Tabernacle preacher. Perhaps the most interesting publication on the subject is that of our honoured friend, Mr. Noel. Mr. Noel, of course, expresses sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon's views in the main; but he rebukes the style in which they are expressed. Especially does he condemn the "personal imputations" of the sermon, which he considers "harsh and uncharitable," inconsistent with Mr. Spurgeon's position as a member of the Evangelical Alliance, and opposed to "the word and will of Christ." Our article last month will show that we agree with Mr. Noel, in considering some of the *expressions* in the sermon to be hasty and ill-advised; but our view of the excellence of the sermon as a whole, and especially of its value as a protest against a grave and glaring evil, would prevent us from making the preacher "an offender for a word." If we are not mistaken, even Mr. Noel was considered to be somewhat "harsh and uncharitable," when he published a certain Essay on "The Union of Church and State."

A small discussion has sprung up in our own body on some recent ministerial secessions. During the past month, two Baptist ministers—Mr. Harington, of Ross, and Mr. Boulding, of Glasgow—have joined the Independents; and lists have been published of several others who, within the last year or two, have taken the same step, or have "gone into the Church." The question has been asked, What is the cause? and the blame has been thrown on the tutors of the colleges, on the silence of our ministers as to our distinctive tenets, and on the system of Free Communion. We fancy that the cause needs not to be sought so far off. It is not a *new* thing for men—even honest and intelligent men—to change their opinions; and though, if they change them for the worse, it is always a subject for regret, it cannot be, after the experience of the past, a cause of any great surprise. The secessions that we hear of from time to time by no means alarm us. The tendency of the thought of the Christian world is *not* in favour of Infant Baptism. Such a sermon as that of Mr. Ward Beecher, which we referred to in our last number, would compensate us for more secessions than we have had to mourn for years. What we need to be careful about is, that we do not violate the law of charity in our judgments of those who thus disappoint us; and that we confess, not grudgingly, but cheerfully, that a man may cease to be a Baptist without ceasing to be an honest man.

A circumstance has occurred at Southampton during the month, to which we feel it right to call our readers' attention. A Mr. Dowman, the chairman of the Board of Guardians in that town, has been rebuked by a resolution of his Board, for having read and prayed by the bedside of a dying man in the Workhouse! The rebuke was asked for by the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Bradshaw, on the ground that such an act was an "interference with his duties." We are glad to know that the people of Southampton have in large numbers uttered their condemnation of the decision, and that they have reported it to the Poor-Law Board. The whole country, however, ought to share, and to express, their indignation at so un-Christian a resolution.

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

OCTOBER, 1864.

AN EXCHANGE OF CLOTHES.

GEORGE HERBERT talks somewhere of the dress of his "dearest mother," the British Church, as the due mean between the painted tawdriness of her of Rome on the one side, and the bareness of her of Geneva, with her hair about her ears, who

> "Wholly goes on the other side,
> And nothing wears."

There is a strong tendency at present on the part of both Church and Dissent to closer approximation in external characteristics. They are exchanging clothes. The hair of the Church is not quite so stiffly plastered and powdered as it used to be, and the locks of Dissent are getting a little more attention. Some of the things that used to be distinctive characteristics of either party are gaining place with the other. For instance, in matters of pulpit address, simple evangelical extemporaneous preaching is almost as common in the parish church as in Rehoboth round the corner; the clergy are taking to it; and, simultaneously, Dissenting stationers are advertising "black leather sermon-cases with two pockets," destined to be majestically smoothed on chapel pulpit cushions. The clergyman is becoming more a preacher and pastor; the Dissenter more a preacher and student. Simultaneously, Dissenters are christening their places of worship churches. Nothing does for them but Gothic. We are becoming learned in Caen stone mouldings and clerestories, and notices of chapel openings in our newspapers read like a stray bit of *The Builder*. Then we have a large number of Dissenters ready to say "aye" to the question, "Shall we have a Liturgy?" All these things point in one direction; and though the tendency in the Church to become freer and less formal has its antagonist in the histrionics of Puseyism gone mad, just as the tendency among Dissenters to become more ecclesiastical and formal has its antagonist in Sunday afternoon lectures in theatres, and similar movements; yet, in either case, the apparently strongest set of the tide is to the adoption of the characteristics of the other communion, while the development of its own is but an eddy or backwater.

So far as regards this tendency among Nonconformists, the causes are on the surface. It is the natural result of growing wealth, culture, and civil equality. Some portion of it may be due to a still higher reason; namely, a greater liberality of spirit, which is able to conceive that other bodies may have some excellencies, and one's own some deficiencies; and so far as this approximation in externals indicates an approximation in spirit, and a freer tone of mind and heart, it is a sign of good. Nor do we suppose that, as yet, we have had too much polish applied to us. But whilst we admit that we formerly went a great deal too far in unreasoning rejection of the accidentals of the Church from which we dissented, simply because they were *its*, and whilst we do not mean to say that we have already gone too far in the other direction, we own to a considerable love for the old clothes that left limb and bosom free "to rise or fall as nature pleases." The British Solomon never did a wiser thing than when he "called for his old shoes because they were easy for his feet." We have some doubts as to how we shall get along in the new ones, and whether the awful experience of the old woman who did not know herself, and had to take her identity on the word or rather bark of her little dog, may not be repeated in our case, if the process we have referred to goes on. It is not so much the present results, as the possible future ones, that we begin to dread; and it is not so much any single results in themselves, as the disposition from which they arise, that we are jealous of. We think we can see in the germ a tone of mind amongst certain classes of Nonconformists too æsthetical, too distrustful of the spontaneousness of our worship, too anxious to find remedies for admitted evils in new forms rather than in more life; and it is this which we deprecate.

There is no need to enter here upon that large and difficult question of the relation of art to religion, but we may just throw out a suggestion or two, without pretending to dogmatize. Is not, then, the state of mind proper to a devout man, very far removed from that in which considerations of artistic beauty or fitness seem of importance? Will he whose soul is filled with the powers of the world to come have much heart to spare for matters of taste; or will he whose anointed eyesight has beheld the Invisible look with much interest on the poor symbols of His awfulness, or the poor expressions of our adoration, that painters and architects can create; or will he whose ear has been opened to hear the still small voice speaking in secret, listen with relish to the harmonies of earth's music? Is not the noblest art the growth of a lower zone on the mountain, than the bare summit where God meets the heart of his child? Explain it as we may, is it not true that, speaking of Christian men of deep devotion, and of artists in general, the whole cast of character in the two bands is different, and that all the long beadroll of the saints bears scarcely a name that is found at all on the lists of the other? Then, to look at the matter from another point of view, is it not historically true that the age in which art has been applied to religion has generally been the age subsequent to that of the highest vitality of the religion? Our cathedrals came after the best of Roman Catholicism had passed. He was not the holiest of the popes that laid the foundation

of St. Peter's. The brightest era of Judaism, religiously, was dimmed before Solomon's "exceeding magnifical" house was builded. And though it be true that no art will reach its highest power except under the inspiration of religion, we cannot but think that the religion which inspires art, and the religion which is interested and helped much by it, is already lower than its highest point.

But besides the doctrine—which may be maintained without either forgetting that art is given by God, or narrowing and barbarising religion—that much regard for the one is usually a sign of enfeebled interest in the other, we have further to remember that the use of artistic appliances of any sort in acts of worship would not be shown to be right or wise, even if the negative of all we have been suggesting were maintained. For our own part we believe that the prevalence of the æsthetic element in religious worship or edifices is at once a consequence and a cause of enfeebled devotion. All sensuous beauty in every form may become a help towards God, but it is just as likely to become another barrier through which the struggling soul has to pierce in its lonely flight to the lonely region of communion. It is more likely to do so than to be a height from the vantage-ground of which it may plume its wings for flight. The aid of these externals is an aid which it needs a strong man to use—and he does not require them. Those who are weak enough to need them are too weak to profit by them, and for the most part mistake a mere emotion, kindled by the Beautiful, for the loving trust in the personal Good and True, which alone is worship. It would be a black day for the interests of true spiritual religion among English Dissenters, if the accessories of devotion, either in building or in ritual, should begin to assume the importance among them which present tendencies indicate to us as possible.

We fear, too, that there are signs of a growing dislike to the freedom and spontaneousness of our worship. It is no part of our duty to read lectures on Homiletics, and we disclaim all intention of seeming to lay down the law about sermons. Every man must preach in the fashion that fits him best. But when we find the practice of reading pulpit discourses gaining ground rapidly, and see it followed by its natural consequence, a desire in some quarters for read prayers, we cannot but express regret. The liberty of prophesying, in the sense of the flow of free speech from an earnest heart without the rigid mould of a written discourse into which the kindled emotion must flow, is one of the mightiest of our advantages, and one which we could not cast away but at the sacrifice of much of our power. If the end of a sermon were to communicate instruction in a systematic form, like a professor's lecture, or if men were to come together in order to hear an exquisite composition, then "the black leather sermon-case with two pockets" would be a necessary; but, if the end be to stir the heart and conscience, instruction being at most but a subsidiary end, or rather an auxiliary and means for that highest purpose; and if men come to listen for one poor hour in the week to truths which they know full well, but do not heed, then surely the energy of reproof, and the tenderness of pitying love, will sound in

fullest thunder and drop in softest dew from the lips of a man who, face to face and eye to eye, pours out all his soul in the agony of earnest pleading, in words born at that very hour of solemn responsibility. Any conceivable correctness of style, and long-drawn-out consecutiveness of thought, is a cheap price to pay for the power which belongs to him who "freely speaks." The read discourse is the natural expression of a conception of the end of preaching, and of the objects to be aimed at by the preacher, which we venture to call wholly erroneous; and though there have been and are illustrious exceptions, as a Chalmers and a Wardlaw, both of whom could read, which is rare, and could not speak, which is perhaps rarer; yet, as a rule, may we not with all deference submit it to the judgment of all who hear sermons, that the *force* is with the man who knows what he wants to say beforehand, and says it at the moment as the words may be given him, with whomsoever the accuracies and the proprieties may be?

Read sermons tend to read prayers. Whatever may be the case with churches which have had liturgies from of old, it seems to us that for a church which has been habituated to extemporaneous prayer to return to a form, is a great mistake. No doubt the wishes arise from a deep sense of the unsatisfactory character of much which is called prayer in Dissenting chapels; and in so far, we rejoice to see that there is so much devotion among us as to be conscious of our deficiencies. But, admitting how poorly that most precious part of our worship is often conducted, we see the cure for it only in one thing—an increase of devotion in us all. To adopt a liturgy would aggravate the evil which it helped to hide. Better that we should have the infallible index of our shortcomings in the poverty of our own prayers, than be blinded to the weakness of our spirit of supplication by the devotion of the words we undevoutly borrow. We distrust every change which introduces an element into our worship opposed to its freedom and spontaneousness.

And, in conclusion, we venture to think that there is some danger to be apprehended from a disposition to find the cure of admitted evils in new forms rather than in more life.

> "'Tis life, whereof our veins are scant;
> 'Tis life, more life, for which we pant."

A change in form to be worth anything must come "unlooked for, if it come at all"—the old must drop without violence, and the new come in 'not with observation—as in some trees, last year's withered leaves are silently pushed from their lingering hold by this year's rising sap. What we need is, that the Church should have a fuller measure of its Lord's Spirit. That will shape a body for itself; but the expenditure of thought and energy on the devising and carrying out of new modes in which the truth is to be embodied, is for the most part waste. We may easily get too much machinery for our steam power. The best thing we can do is to see that the boiler is big enough. If there be life enough among us, any form will do, and the right one is sure to come in due time. If there be not life enough, no form will do, and whichever comes will be a wrong one.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST, CONSIDERED AS A REVELATION.*

The Jewish expectation of a Messiah was the true type of the world's longing for a deliverer. For while some looked for one who should come in the pomp and circumstance of kingly power, and others expected only a mighty prophet—all alike thought of him as one who should work signs and wonders, and perform great and terrible things.

This conception of a Messiah is deeply rooted in the heart of man. Dwarfed and feeble, indeed, would be that notion of a Redeemer which did not associate with his person and work the idea of miracles; which failed to present him as working along the levels of human life in sublimer achievements than merely human power could attain; and which left unnoted the grand testimony his miracles afford to his being in very truth the sent of God.

To give this testimony concerning the Messiah force and currency amongst men, was the final cause of his mighty acts. They were wrought to prove that Christ was the Son of God. Their first lesson is to teach us that by them God was witnessing to his own glory and confirming the message his own Son came to deliver. Let this, then, at the outset be clearly understood—that we fully accept the miracles as evidences for the truth of Christianity.

And yet when we advance beyond this, we perceive in them a deeper meaning. For throughout Christ's earthly ministry there existed a close connexion between the work he did and the character he assumed,—a connexion that may be as clearly traced between the miracles he wrought and the announcement of himself as the Messiah, as between the sacrifice he offered and the proclamation of his forerunner in Bethabara beyond Jordan—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

To show that this connexion exists between the miracles wrought by Christ and the person and work of Christ himself, is the object of this essay. We regard the miracles as presenting a twofold aspect. They are significant as acts of divine power. They are striking revelations of divine truth. From one point of view they appear as tablets graven with the proofs of Christ's divine mission. From the other they appear as startling symbols instinct with spiritual meaning. They seem to stand in revelation not only as evidences for the truth of Christianity, but as part of the revelation itself. They are not only a defence but an illustration. Not merely a testimony that God was *with* Christ,—as he had been with Moses and the prophets, working signs and wonders by them for the deliverance, the correction, and the instruction of Israel,—but a significant pledge that God was *in* Christ,—accomplishing *in* him the grand purposes of redemption,—revealing by his mighty and wonderful acts the truth, that he was reconciling the world unto himself; startling the shepherds of Bethlehem in their night-watch by the good tidings of that first and greatest miracle in the new dispensation—the miracle of the incarnation—whose spiritual import the angelic host proclaimed in their hymn of praise, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men;" sustaining the Redeemer in manhood during a brief ministry, whose course was full of good works; wherein we may trace a revelation of Christ to the fallen and helpless; in which we may discover special characteristics, showing their deep relation to the dispensation of divine grace; from which we may

* A paper read at the annual meeting of Rawdon College, June 22nd, 1864, by the Rev. W. H. Tetley (now of Coleford), and published by request.

draw out the broadest lines of evangelical truth, and obtain almost as complete and valuable a revelation of the Saviour, as we get in the sermon on the mount, or in the discourse preached to the Athenians on Mars hill.

Following the course of thought thus suggested, we find in the Gospel miracles the Gospel doctrines. A closer acquaintance with their details, and a deeper insight into their drift, show both their relation to the truths Christ proclaimed, and their bearing on man, to whom those truths were addressed.

From the number of miracles recorded, we may infer that they at once present the most startling feature of Christ's earthly ministry, and the one most largely developed. Evidently Christ's time was occupied for the most part in working signs and wonders. Now, as the mission of Christ was in redemption to reveal the Father, and to manifest his own glory as the only-begotten of the Father, and as the miracles played a leading part in the means by which that mission was accomplished, they must be a revelation of the doctrines it was part of Christ's mission to establish.

They are vastly different in character from the wonders history records, and legend celebrates, as wrought in connexion with heathen systems. Beneath *them* no spiritual meaning is concealed. *They* manifest no gracious attribute. *They* express no living truth. As startling portents they may rouse the attention and stimulate the desire for fresh surprise; but there the effect ends. They present no point of contact with the truth they are said to attest; they enforce no wise lesson; they possess no moral force.

But the miracles of Jesus Christ "are acted parables;" as truly expressing his grand design in operating amongst men, as did the parables he uttered; nay, more vividly raying forth his power to release and redeem. For, while the parables are pictures of redemption, the miracles are "redemptive acts;" living proofs that Christ can heal and restore humanity; pointing from the body to the soul; from disease to sin. In the one Christ's words seem to portray man's true condition, and to depict the Saviour's gracious help. In the other a living victim *meets* with a living Saviour, whose act confirms his word; whose beneficent care for physical infirmity symbolizes his loving sympathy with the spiritually diseased; and whose ability to remove the consequence of sin in the body is the fittest emblem of his power to forgive sin in the heart.

He proclaimed himself to be the light of the world; and the restoration of sight to blind eyes points to him as the great revealer. He spake of himself as the bread of life; and the two great meals in the wilderness attest his power to feed the famishing soul. He bare witness of himself as the resurrection and the life; and the tenantless tomb of Lazarus proclaims him conqueror of Death and Hades.

Thus, then, while we accept the miracles as the seal of divinity, that the record is true; and fix a high estimate of their value as Christian evidences; their value for us is increased, and their divinity more directly brought to bear upon ourselves, as we gain a clear perception of their moral purpose and fully recognize their doctrinal significance: and while, like the men of old, who sat by the mighty worker and saw his deeds of power, we see the restored paralytic go forth with a healthy body and a clean heart,—released at a word from the bondage of sin and the power of disease,—and cry with them, "We have seen strange things to-day:" let us rise to a loftier summit, whence we may discern, not the marvellous alone, but the practical truths which the marvellous may contain.

It is somewhat significant that a study of the words, by which, in the New Testament, the miracles are named, will bring out their ethical meaning. They are sometimes spoken of by the evangelists as wonders, signs, powers, and works. The term miracle is common to all. But these characteristic words which attend

the more general name, serve to strike out distinctive features and to set forth their special bearing. The English word sign, by which the Greek word σημεῖον is rendered in some instances in our own version, does this most effectively. For in it we get the suggestion that a miracle is a revelation of the truth with which it stands connected. It indicates that the miracle has a moral purpose; and it is unfortunate that the translators of our version have sometimes rendered the word miracle instead of sign. For Christ himself speaks of his works as σημεῖα. The evangelists never record a mighty act without characterizing it as a σημεῖον. It is the word used by those who asked Christ for proof of his authority; and the word of acknowledgment from the lips of Nicodemus; certainly *the word* in which we find the ethical expression.

In the word wonder, answering to the Greek τέρας, the moral of the miracle is lost sight of. Hence the term wonder is never used in reference to the miracles alone. It is usually linked with the word sign, and thus the illustrative character of the miracle is preserved.

With regard to the terms powers and works, our equivalents to the Greek δυνάμεις and ἔργα; the first of these words conveys the idea that a miracle is the operation of a new power, and seems to point to the cause by which the effect in the wonder and the sign is produced; while the term works covers the idea that a miracle was simply the natural course for our Saviour's activity to take.

These terms, then, so frequently used in the New Testament narrative of the miracles, do not describe "different classes of works" but "different sides of the same works." When Christ walked upon the sea of Galilee, and startled his disciples in their midnight journey to Bethsaida,—there was a wonder, inasmuch as the disciples "were sore amazed." A power, because when he entered the ship the contrary wind ceased. And a sign, because it revealed Christ as the absolute Sovereign of nature's forces.

But granting for a moment that the expressions used by the inspired writers, in describing the miracles, lacked this force, our position might still be made good by noticing the estimate Christ himself puts upon his own works; and though the word sign had never been applied to the works Christ wrought at all, yet the place and character he assigned them in his ministry would have been the greatest possible sign of their redemptive significance.

We see that Christ nearly always wrought his miracles to obtain a hearing for his doctrine. Their moral intent he ever kept in view. He continually repressed the personal fame and popular astonishment they created. He displayed his might rather by acts of assistance to man, than by acts at all likely to gratify man's love of the marvellous. His miracles were never intended as spectacles for the lovers of sensation, but as lessons for those who sought to know the scope and purpose of his holy life. In every case of miraculous cure (with one suggestive exception), the restored patient immediately recognizes the divine aspect of Christ's life. After the healing work is done, the first acknowledgment is a tribute to the Deity in man; an acknowledgment which springs from faith; and where faith was wanting, there was not the susceptibility in man which Christ required as the condition on which his mighty works were done. For when Christ was rejected by his own countrymen at Nazareth, their unfitness to receive his miracles caused him to suspend his miraculous operations. They were offended in the Messiah and despised his teaching, hence they could not profit by any display of his power; therefore "he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." But when the Roman centurion besought with importunity that Christ would heal his grievously-tormented servant, Jesus marvelled at the pleader's faith, and said, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self same hour." While the two blind men, who cried after Christ as he journeyed, "Thou son of

David, have mercy on us," and were asked, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" replied, "Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened."

For the sake of clearness and compression in applying this thought to our Lord's miracles, we must distribute them into two classes. There are those we may regard as a revelation of the Redeemer's character and person, and those we may understand as illustrations of the Redeemer's work; while from the harmony and completeness of the whole, we may gather a prophecy of redemption realized. In one class we must group those miracles which bear the impress of divinity, and reveal its gracious aspect towards man; in the other we must place those which just as truly bear the divine seal, while they set forth the divine purposes concerning man; and, gathering up the whole, we behold, as in the mirror of divine truth, the final issues of redemption accomplished, and the now progressing work of restoration triumphantly complete.

In the first class, then, we are to note a revelation of the Redeemer's character and person. And as it would by no means contribute to the interest of this paper to give you any analysis of this class in tabular form, let us in thought, regardless of exact chronological order, track the course of our Saviour's ministry, and take up the miracles, with their lines of revelation, as we pass along.

The incidents by which they are attended seem natural and striking. They never pass beyond the range of our human faculties. The supernatural is always brought into direct contact with nature. We see the Messiah in human shape, moving amongst human beings; wielding for purposes of human blessing the laws of nature and the forces of the universe. The very circumstances which call forth the exercise of power spring from natural causes. It is in the path of duty that Christ meets with the difficulties which baffle human skill and defy human strength. It is there his superhuman power is displayed. It is on the field of human strife and labour that his victories are won.

Now we see him wrapped in deep slumber, tossed on the storm-swept lake, yet, heedless of the tempest's fury, sleeping on till his terror-stricken disciples awake him; and at his rising but a word is spoken, and the roaring wind is silent, and the angry sea is hushed to rest. Again, when darkness has settled on the deep, and his followers, obedient to his command, are crossing the inland sea, toiling through the tumbling billows, and making but little headway against the wind, Christ trod the sea as though it had been the solid earth; and before the might of his supreme will the contrary blast ceased.

Now we see him standing by the lake of Gennesaret, speaking first to the people who pressed upon him to hear his word, and then commanding the fisherman, whose boat he had entered, to launch out into the deep. All night the fisherman and his partners had been engaged in fruitless toil, for they had taken nothing. Yet, at the Master's word, they again let down the net and "inclosed a great multitude of fishes." On another occasion, and under different circumstances, this miracle is repeated. After Christ had come forth with his resurrection-body he showed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias. On the night before his appearance a little company of them, constrained by Peter's resolution, again take up the occupation they had forsaken when the Saviour called them to be "fishers of men." They went forth and "entered into a ship." Yet their night's toil brought them no reward. But when the morning dawned Jesus stood on the shore; and he "saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." Again, Christ appears at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee—invited as a guest to share its social pleasures and festive joys. There he meets with deficiency and want. And his mother's

words, "They have no wine," directly appeal to him as able to supply that which was lacking; and when his hour had come the wonder-working word was spoken, and the waterpots just filled with water ran wine at his bidding.

Yet, once more, we follow Christ to the desert place, whither himself and his disciples had retired for rest. How vain the attempt! For when Christ landed on the opposite shore a great multitude thronged about him, and in his compassion he began to teach them many things. And when at last the day was far spent and the night was coming on, and the disciples urged Christ to send the multitude away, he gave commandment that the great crowd should sit down in companies; and, calling for the scanty provision which the disciples had made for their own wants, he took the five loaves and the two fishes, and blessed, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before the multitude. And they did all eat and were filled.

The miracles thus rapidly sketched are all of one class. They are all mighty operations on nature; appearing either as acts of creative power, or as works of providence. They reveal the Son of man by whom they were wrought to be the Son of God; invested with absolute dominion over nature's forces; enthroned as the Sovereign of the universe; and wielding a regal power which even the winds and the seas obey; by which the results of natural processes are attained, minus the processes themselves; and by whose sure working success is ever insured to human toil. They are all accomplished without violent exertion. A word is sufficient. There is no parade of power, but a quiet and forcible expression of will; and that the will of Deity, by which the universe was created, and by which it is still sustained. Surely these wonderful outgoings of superhuman power reveal the person of the Messiah. To him they point as the man in whom the Messianic prophecies were fulfilled; who should be creation's Lord; who should be exalted far above all power and dominion; the mighty God; the everlasting Son of the everlasting Father; God manifest in the flesh; his gracious and lovely character, typified in the silenced storm—as the prince of peace; in the midnight journey across the water—as the giver of spiritual strength; in the miraculous draught of fishes—as a bounteous benefactor; in the water made wine—as the author of spiritual joy; and in the multiplied food—as the source of spiritual life.

(To be continued.)

HONESTY.

When I was a child, there grew in the old-fashioned garden which lay just south of our house, a rough-looking plant. Its leaf was large and coarse, but the flowers were of the sweetest tint of blue, and extremely pretty, though so small as to attract no attention from the careless passer-by. Many who spent their early years in small country towns where similar old-fashioned gardens abounded,—gardens where there was little for show and much for practical use,—will remember the unassuming plant, and its curious name—Honesty. It rarely finds a place in modern gardens, and will soon, I fear, have only a traditionary existence. I had not seen it for years till last summer, when, visiting a friend whose home lies on one of the sunny slopes of a hill-town, I discovered a thrifty root of it growing in one corner of a little flower-bed. My heart warmed to the dear old home-like plant, so rough and coarse, yet whose blossom was of such a

celestial tint, it might have been stolen from the sky. What a train of thoughts did it awaken! What a host of visions did it summon from the past! Thoughts and visions such as come to us all in middle life, when some object touches the springs of memory, and causes their brimming waters to overflow.

But I had thoughts of the present too, as I looked on the old-fashioned plant, and mused upon its singular name—Honesty! Ah, it is getting rare in our garden-borders now-a-days. And is not honesty, the virtue, getting out of fashion too among men and women? Along our crowded thoroughfares, in our glittering shops, in our legislative halls, and even in our farmers' homes, do we not look long before we find its coarse but refreshing features? An honest man,—honest when he bargains, honest when he speaks in public and in private, honest when he judges the character of friends and foes, honest when he deals with his own soul, honest when he worships God,—is not such almost as rarely met with as the clear, old Honesty-plant itself?

A member of a Christian church, and an honest man, should be synonymous terms; but are they so? Do we not sit down at Christ's holy table, where all that is touching in the love of God, and all that is solemn and binding in our consecration vow, is brought to bear upon the heart and conscience, and go forth to meet during the coming week some brother who sat there with us, and find him driving a hard bargain with a customer; overrating the value of the article he is selling, concealing its defects, and by a variety of subtle expedients succeeding in palming it off upon an ignorant purchaser at far more than its actual worth; or another, bent on gaining some political end, making statements so one-sided and unfounded, and bringing charges against an opponent so uncharitable and unjust, and presenting the whole subject under consideration in a light so coloured by his own prejudices and interests, that we cannot forbear wondering if he expects to be believed? Alas, alas! there is no denying the fact, that all professors of religion are *not* honest men.

It is with a feeling of its great practical importance that I bring this fact before the reader. We are seeking to do good, to build up Christ's kingdom, to win souls to a knowledge and love of God. It is well; but let us first ask if we are honest men; honest in all our relations; honest and upright before God and man. If not, our work must begin at home. If to-day all the members of Christ's church could stand up before the world honest men and women, who speak, think, and act uprightly at all times and places, there would be a rapid stride made towards the world's conversion. The moral influence of such a host of true-minded, upright souls would be immense, and well-nigh irresistible. They would stand forth, to use the beautiful figures of the old poet, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

In this connection I cannot but recall a remark which I heard many years ago. It was made by a man of high moral character, but who was an unbeliever in the necessity or existence of a spiritual renewal, in reply to an appeal which had been made to him by an earnest Christian. "Become a Christian! No, indeed, not if by a Christian you mean such as I live

with in —— [naming a small country town in which he resided]. Why, I have always said if I was going to make a bargain in which there was a chance for being imposed upon, I would choose to make it with one out of the church, and not in. There are B. and I; we live together side by side in peace and harmony, and have done so for twenty years; while C. and his neighbour D., good Christians both of them, who pray and exhort together in meetings, and come once in a while to labour with me about my soul, are in hot water perpetually: year in and year out they have some petty quarrel on hand, and all about a few rods of fence, or a little strip of ground scarce a foot in width, or a half-dozen bushels of apples; things I should be ashamed to stand out about an instant; yet they are Christians, and we are reprobates! No; I don't want to be converted after that fashion!"

Now, I chanced to know these parties, and the statement, though perhaps made in an improper spirit, was literally true. Each of these professors of religion had been extremely tenacious of his rights, had accused the other of fraud, had made what his opponent considered false statements, and over the veriest trifles had thus managed to keep themselves in a state of irritation, and the neighbourhood embittered and alienated. Was any one to blame for not wishing to become "converted after that fashion"?

It may be said, that it is easy for one who wishes to know the truth to discriminate between professors of religion and religion itself. In one sense it may be easy, but men do not and will not thus discriminate. We have no reason to expect they will. You wish to win a neighbour, perhaps a very dear friend, to genuine penitence, and a sweet life-giving trust in the Saviour. You tell him this faith will bring him into communion with a holy God, will elevate his whole mental and moral nature into a sympathy with and resemblance to that glorious being, and prepare him for a world of purity and blessedness. As a rational being he is bound to inquire whether it *will* do this for him. And he has a perfect right to look at those who profess to have felt its life-giving power, and see what it has done for them. And woe to that professor of religion whose life, thus inspected, leads the unconverted man to say, "I wish for no such religion as his!" On his skirts may be found the blood of that immortal soul.

Christ expected his followers to be the means of converting sinners by their example. A light put upon a candlestick, that its soft and cheering ray may fall upon all the little circle within its reach,—a city set upon a hill, that the kindling illumination may stream forth and brighten all the surrounding slopes and valleys,—such, says Christ, are Christians individually and collectively. What authority, then, have *we* for saying that impenitent men might see the beauty of holiness if they would, if those who profess to love Jesus do live unholy lives? There are persons all around us who feel an unexpressed desire for something to meet the wants of their souls; something which shall bring them peace, true joy, true life. They are thinking men and women, and believe they are to live for ever, and are capable of eternal happiness; but they are restless and dissatisfied and they look round to see who will show them any good; they hear

abundance of talking about religion, but they ask themselves sincerely, as they look on professors of religion, "Is there any such thing as true piety? Does it actually enter into these men's souls; does it control their feelings, and guide their conduct; or is it mere talk, fanaticism, delusion?" Let such a one be surrounded by worldly-minded, selfish, mean men and women, who call themselves new creatures in Jesus Christ, children of the Holy One, and he will turn away in disgust from them and their religion too. But let him be thrown into constant intercourse with a meek, honest, true-hearted Christian, whose daily life shows he is remembering the interests of a neighbour as truly as his own, and would no more be guilty of injuring him in his property or reputation than he would himself, and he will be more affected by that example than by whole volumes of argument, and whole years of exhortation. Whatever member of Christ's church, then, is dishonest in his word or deed, is doing much to keep souls away from God and heaven, however he may persuade himself he prays and labours constantly for their salvation. A praying, exhorting, cheating Christian! Who is not disgusted by the very combination of the words! Yet who of us but can think of some individual who is striving to be such a one!

It seems to me, that in their horror of depending upon good works for salvation, many of our ministers have failed to insist sufficiently upon them as evidences of piety, or to infuse into the minds of their hearers a just and suitable horror of all kinds of meanness and fraud, and the impossibility of being Christians unless they are upright men; so that young men become converted under their ministry, join their churches, and go out into the world, with very loose notions of the connection between morals and religion. Not having been led to think much about it, they conduct their business upon very much the same principles as men of the world, and by degrees slide into the use of all sorts of profitable deceptions, intrigues, and trickery.

It is a sad theme to dwell upon. My poor little Honesty-plant little thought of leading me into such a long train of thought, as it stood meekly looking up to heaven from its quiet corner. I should like to put a root of it into every garden, if it would but remind those who saw it, that in order to do good, Christians must have its namesake in active exercise.

"HIS POOR:"

A HINT FOR CHURCH-MEMBERS.

It was half-past six on a chilly autumnal evening. I had just finished tea, and, with a glance at a dull starless sky, had decided not to venture out that night, when the postman's brisk knock made me hasten to the door. In five minutes from that time I had lighted the reading-lamp and drawn the curtains, wheeled my favourite chair to the bright fireside, and begun the delightful task of devouring—if I may be allowed the expression—a true friend's letter.

It was long and interesting; but of its contents a portion only need be set before my readers.

"You complain, my dear friend," said the writer, "of the Blank-street people as *the* coldest ever known. Will you allow me to suggest a remedy? It is this: *Search out the poor of the church*—especially such as are widows indeed, and *desolate;* be their friend for Christ's sake; prove the warmth of your own heart by the love which you manifest to them; and devote the time which now hangs on your hands to that sweet ministry which the Master so greatly loved. So shall you cease to chafe over the indifference of church-members who consider that they are above you in 'society,' or who feel no interest in the entertainment of a stranger; so shall you be brought into contact with your minister on holy ground, and unite with your deacons in that 'serving tables' which alone can ensure that the widows be not neglected. So shall you have no leisure—possibly even no inclination—to complain that the people at Blank-street are too cold to be your companions in the way to eternal glory."

I closed the letter, mused awhile over its contents, and finally put on my bonnet and went out. It was Friday evening,—service-night at Blank-street chapel, and the clocks were striking seven. In twenty minutes, praying silently all the way, I had passed from the quiet suburb in which I had recently taken up my abode, to the crowded thoroughfare out of which Blank-street opened. I was late, and instead of passing on to my usual seat among the great folks, I turned aside and sat down by the door-keeper's blind daughter, in the immediate neighbourhood of five or six old women, who, as I afterwards discovered, were "widows indeed." That evening, happily for me, Mr. F—— read the story of the crucifixion. I was deeply moved. All the tenderness of my soul seemed to be called forth by that tale of matchless grace. A prayer that expressed my heart's desire came next. As I joined in it, tears of gratitude *would* flow, though for years I had seldom wept. Never before had I felt such deep love for Christ and for his people. It was as if scales had fallen from my eyes. Was it possible, I asked as we rose up to sing, that I had stood within those walls chafing because Mrs. A. had bowed so slightly, or because the ladies B. C. and D. had declined to bow at all? Could I have felt really angry because no one "took me up" and made much of me in this church of Christ at Blank-street? Had I been positively unhappy because people were neglecting *me*, "a fellow Christian," while I, in my turn, was neglecting a score of humble souls for whom Christ died? It was even so. Ashamed as I might well be to confess it, it was too true.

I made no resolutions; I decided on no formal plan; I simply prayed, as I knelt in that dim corner, for more grace and "a continuance of opportunities." Now that my eyes were opened I could see that great "chances," if I may so call them, had been floating past me ever since I came to Blank-street, and that I had seldom given a moment's heed to any one of them, just because I was always looking out for Christian fellowship amongst my equals and superiors in worldly position, never amongst God's believing and humble poor. So I did not ask anything new in the way of openings and "doors" of usefulness; only abundant grace out of that fulness which is treasured up in Christ. After praying like this, it was natural, I thought, that I should speak a gentle word to the poor girl who sat beside me. No "introduction" was needed here. I had only to pick up her fallen handkerchief, and restore it with a whispered word of explanation, and we were acquainted. A few minutes later, at the door, we met the mother. Taking the blind girl's hand in mine I invited her to visit me next morning and hear some music, of which, as I knew by her singing, she was very fond. My invitation was accepted, and I went home with a warmth about the region of the heart such as I had never before brought away from Blank-street chapel, and a smile on my face that was positively cheerful.

I may as well say here that I am one of those isolated beings who, having

what is called "an independence," and no very near relations, live alone, and are consequently in danger of becoming every day more selfish. Add to this that I had recently been compelled to migrate to a strange place and settle down amongst strange people, and you will at once understand my temptation to self-indulgence, and my need of that Divine grace without which no temptation can be truly resisted. That my friend's letter was a word from heaven itself, I cannot doubt. Still less can I hesitate to assert that it was used by the Great Master as the means of my complete awakening. I had hitherto been a selfish Christian—as far as it is possible for such an anomaly to exist—but from that time I began to live for Christ, and, *in Him*, for His people.

Next morning, punctual as the clock itself, the blind girl made her appearance, and we spent a delightful hour in making melody with heart and voice unto the Lord. It was better, I thought, than the finest concert in the world, and I had my reward in the intense delight which beamed from her expressive face and was poured forth by her earnest voice. We were consciously "sisters in Jesus" ever after.

The day after that was the first Sunday in the month, and, according to custom, I went down to Blank-street in the afternoon to eat bread and drink wine in remembrance of the Lord Jesus. My blind friend, who was also a church-member, sat humbly in her usual place amongst the widows, and I again turned aside to sit with her. In that solemn hour, as I thought of the love which my Saviour bore to me, my heart yearned towards all his saints, but especially towards his poor. When the deacons came round with their boxes at the close of the service I felt glad to give twice as much as heretofore; and as we came out I kept near a little group of aged sisters in order that as I passed them in the street I might bid them a cheerful good-day, and speak too or three words concerning Him in whom we were "one." The look of pleasure with which they received these advances encouraged me to inquire if they would like me to come and read to them sometimes. It was the very thing they would like, they told me, for their sight was failing. So I made an appointment with each before I left them. This looked like beginning.

I was out again, as a matter of course, that evening, although previously I had seldom felt "equal" to three services; and I carried with me a note to the senior deacon in which I requested the favour of a list of such members at Blank-street as were "widows indeed." This inquiry, like many which followed, was made without much premeditation. The idea occurred to me, I knelt down and prayed over it, rose and thought awhile, turned to a few texts that bore on the subject, and *then* I acted. The result was one of the happiest months I had ever known. My work was simply that of "calling" upon our poor members, at the time most convenient to them, just as I had been wont to "call" upon my equals and "superiors" in society. It may seem absurd to you, but it was very refreshing and healthful work to *me*. In that month I was privileged to win the confidence of more than one downcast soul. By the bedside of the dying I met often, as my friend had said, with our excellent minister; and I am sure that two such interviews made us better acquainted than a score of drawing-room meetings—pleasant and often refreshing though they may be. Now and then, too, I was able to help the deacons, and, at last, even the deacons' wives! Gradually I became acquainted, in the true sense of the word, with nearly all the *real* philanthropists at Blank-street, and we worked together until, at last, I had many friends of my own rank, in addition to those whom I had gained amongst the poor. Years have passed by, and I no longer complain of the coldness of the people, or of the time that hangs on hand, day after day, because no one will have the politeness to fill it up for me. I have discovered that the best remedy for others' chilliness is to be warm myself, and that he who, in coming as a

stranger to a church of Christ, would make many friends, must in very deed "show himself friendly," not only to those who are above him in worldly station, but to all who love Christ in sincerity, including—and of this I would make special note in these pages,—including (let me say it with all possible emphasis) —*the widows indeed.*

Poetry.

"BE FAITHFUL."

Over thy pathway, though it may seem dreary,
Are bending Christian messengers of love;
And unseen bands, to aid thee when aweary,
Are oft descending from the realms above.

The path thou treadest may ofttimes seem lonely,
The burdens thou art bearing grieve thee sore;
But 'twill be thus when thou forgettest only
The One whose footprints marked that path before.

No wonder that thy soul is often sighing
Over a course so marked with faults and fears;
But dost thou e'er forget how vain thy trying
To blot thy devious footsteps with thy tears?

Be not with errors of the past delaying—
Leave them to Him whose ransom covers all;
Rise to a worthier present by obeying
The heavenly voices which upon thee call.

Let not thy armour, once so brightly burnished,
Be tarnished with the stains of earthly dust;
Let not the sword thy glorious Leader furnished,
Though deeply dented, show one spot of rust!

Whenever earthly vapours close around thee,
Climb to the mountain-tops of faith and prayer;
The chains shall melt in which thy sins had bound thee—
Thou, like thy Lord, shalt be transfigured there.

Forgetting self, for others be thy living,
And, if thy arm be stronger, lend thy aid:
Thy earnest help be thou not slack in giving,
To lift the burden on another laid.

What if thy pathway shall seem long and dreary—
Thy Christian conflict vex and grieve thee sore;
Was not thy Master also worn and weary?
Is not his triumph thine for evermore?

To drink the cup he drank may be most painful,
To share in his baptizing hard for thee;
His words at last shall make thy sorrows gainful:
"Welcome! because ye suffered so with me."

Reviews.

An Apology for the Adoption of Pædobaptism. By the Rev. JOHN R. S. HARINGTON, late of the Bristol Baptist College. London: John Snow.

THIS is a sixpenny plea for Infant Baptism, by a young minister who has lately left our denomination and gone over to the Independents. As the title-page tells us, he was educated at the Bristol Baptist College, and the *Hand-Book* tells us he settled as the pastor of a Baptist church at Ross in 1862. Within the last few months he has resigned his charge there; and this pamphlet is a sort of justification of his taking leave of us altogether and joining another body. We shall try, for the benefit of our Baptist readers, to give a brief summary of his arguments, as far as we can gather them from the not very lucidly arranged text, and a distracting number of foot-notes. It is but fair to the author to state, that the pamphlet "is not published as a challenge to controversy, but as a defence of his present position, and an exposition of the grounds on which it has been adopted."

The first part deals with what the author calls "*The Spiritual Significance of Baptism.*" The argument, if argument it can be called, proceeds by the following steps:—

1. Baptism, performed either by immersion, or by pouring, or by sprinkling, typifies the purifying grace of Christ.

2. Is not immersion necessary to express the completeness of Christian purification? No: for the sanctification of man is not complete in the present life.

3. Though in the majority of cases immersion was the primitive form of baptism, the author is convinced that, in many instances, there was baptism without immersion. It is very improbable that the three thousand on the day of Pentecost were baptized by immersion.

4. But if it were granted that baptism was, in every instance, performed by immersion in the early age of Christianity, the author would still contend against this argument from precedent, as involving a gross literalness utterly foreign to the spirit of the Gospel.

5. The substitution of sprinkling for immersion appears to be more in accordance with the spirit of the original institution of the ordinance than the retention of the ancient mode, even supposing that mode to have been uniformly immersion. Baptism by immersion was, then, but adapting to a sacred purpose the mode then followed of applying water.

So far as to *the Mode of Baptism.* The second part treats of what the author calls "*The Unrestricted Application of Baptism.*" The proposition which the author says he has to establish is, "That every human being, irrespective of age or any other condition, is entitled to receive the sacrament of baptism." For the arguments adduced in support of this proposition the author acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Halley and other Pædobaptist writers.

1. The ground upon which Peter, on the day of Pentecost, urges his hearers to be baptized is, the possession of "the promise." "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call,"—evidently the great promise to all mankind that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. On that ground—*i.e.*, on their interest in this promise—does Peter urge baptism on the listening multitude.

2. Circumcision favours by analogy this view of baptism. It is not the substitute for circumcision. But as circumcision was the symbol of spiritual advantages to all the descendants of Abraham, so may baptism be the symbol of Christian grace to all who hear the Gospel.

3. The next argument may be found in the following sentences:—"Abraham's imperfect righteousness was the occasion of the Jews being blessed with great outward provisions for their spiritual training. Christ's perfect righteousness is the ground of all nations having salvation proclaimed to them. Now, as a symbolic sacra-

ment was given to the Hebrews to mark their relation to Abraham, ought we not to expect that a symbolic ordinance would be given to all nations to indicate their relation to Christ?"

4. The commission (Matt. xxviii. 19), by the universality of its terms, shows that baptism is not to be limited to those who possess saving faith. The text on which Baptists rely so much really tells against them: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" (Mark xvi. 16), because that would be to constitute the administrator the judge of the fitness of the candidate, able to pronounce upon his salvation. (Such is the rubbish controversialists will write in the presence of difficulties.)

5. In answer to the objection that baptism can be no symbol of grace to infants, because, as yet, they have no understanding, the author again refers to circumcision as administered to children eight days old; and relies upon the analogy as a sufficient reply.

6. Christ, by his death, removes the original sin of children—the sin they derive from the fall. Why should they not, on this account, receive baptism as the emblem of the grace of Christ which has reached to their condition?

7. When children were brought to Jesus to receive his blessing, he said that of such is the kingdom of heaven. "If, then, infants are members of the kingdom of heaven, are they not fit to receive baptism, which can express no higher condition?"

8. "Why is infant baptism not mentioned in the New Testament? One of two answers may be given. Either because Christian *families* did not exist, the converts to Christianity being only individual members (the younger members probably) of Jewish and heathen families; or, because the baptism of infants being familiar to the Jews (as in the case of the families of proselytes) it was no novelty requiring particular mention."

Such is the substance of this pamphlet. We have taken the pains to give this analysis to show our readers that there is nothing new in it—nothing which has not been answered a thousand times. We do not mean, therefore, to attempt an answer. We believe there are few Sunday school teachers who could not take the points and satisfactorily reply to them *seriatim*. We only wish that every one of those ministers who have recently left us had published a statement of his reasons, that we might be able to see with what little reason they had abandoned us for other connexions. The more this question is argued, the more will it appear that all the *facts* are on our side, and only a few faint probabilities on the side of our opponents.

Though it will be seen that we think very little of this pamphlet as an argument, we gladly say that it is written in a courteous and gentlemanly spirit. We have not met with an expression we could object to in this respect; and, as an exposition of scriptural truth on the subject of baptism, we have no doubt it will greatly confirm all Pædobaptists in their views, and fail to shake the views of any thoroughly intelligent Baptist.

Christian Cabinet.

GOD'S LOVE TO THE WORLD.

God loved the world: after what manner? After *this* manner: "He gave his Son." I could conceive of one who has heard that God is love, looking abroad upon his works and saying, Yes, I see it on all hands. I see it in all Divine arrangements, in all Divine works: the great Being who made the world what it is, who has manifested such benevolence in all he has done, who is exercising such loving care over his creatures, who answers their waiting eyes by immeasurable goodness, who is making "the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice" over them, who is giving us "rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with

joy and gladness," who is "crowning the year with his goodness," whose thoughts toward us are so precious, and the sum of them so great, surely his name is love; and he *so* loves the world as to do all these things for it. But Jesus passes over *that* manner of love, and says, God loved the world *thus*,—He gave his Son. Oh, the everlasting wonder! Surely we should never cease to think of it. "Is it *really true*," a Tahitian asked of the missionary *Nott*, who was reading and explaining this passage—"Is it *really true* that God so loved you and us that he gave his only-begotten Son for us?" The missionary said that it was even so; upon which his auditor cried out, "Oh, and canst thou speak of such love without tears?" himself weeping from shame and joy. What a rebuke are the words of the poor heathen to us who have been familiar with this Gospel from our earliest childhood! Surely every time we read this passage, we should wonder afresh.

God loved the world: in what measure? What will his love do for its guilty objects? How far will it go? Where will it pause? Is it great enough for man's deep ruin? The answer to such questions is given here: "God *so* loved the world"—in such a measure, so transcendently, so incomprehensibly—"that he gave his only-begotten Son." There was the infinite outcoming of his love: there its only measure. As Herbert says—

"When man was lost, Thy pity look'd about
To see what help in the earth or sky;
But there was none; at least no help without:
The help did in Thy bosom lie:—
There lay Thy Son."

He gave his only-begotten Son: to what? You remember the story of Abraham and *his* son; how in spirit he gave him up for a sacrifice. Even so has God done; "He spared not his own Son." He gave him not merely to be our Teacher, Guide, Friend, Deliverer, King, but to be lifted up upon the cross, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; to be "made a curse" for us; to be "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities;" to be "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Let us try to take the thought into our minds. Here are the creatures of his hand, who at their best estate are but dust and ashes; creatures who had no claim on God's love for any gift at all; who not only had no claim on his love, but deserved his wrath; in whom there was not only no good, but the germ of all evil; who did not desire his gift; nay, when it is given, who slight and despise it: for *them* the God of love gave his only-begotten Son; gave him as the brazen serpent was given to the camp of Israel; gave him to be the object of faith unto salvation.

"Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
A Saviour's praises speak."

God gave his Son, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is God's will and command that men should believe in him; should place the confidence of their hearts in him for all the ends for which God has given him. And it is God's decree, that whosoever believes in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Again I call every reader to mark Christ's word, the blessed Gospel word, spoken the second time, "*whosoever*." It takes you as a sinful man; it knows nothing else about you. You may be reputable, or the reverse; you may be young or old; you may reside in a great mansion of your own, supplied with every luxury and elegance, or in a garret with an old blanket hung across the rafters for a door, and a roof through which you can count the stars at midnight: it makes no difference; Christ's *whosoever* takes you in. It has been a word of hope to many who were almost in despair. An instance comes into my mind as I write. A sailor, who had enjoyed the blessings of a Christian home in his boyhood, but had afterwards lived a profligate life, while on a South Sea voyage was brought to a conviction of his sin. "One night," he says, "after getting into my hammock, I dared not shut my eyes, lest I should die asleep. My mind was in a state of the greatest agitation. The perspiration streamed from every pore. I got up, and opened my neglected Bible. I found the third chapter of the Gospel of John, and there I saw what I needed. I must get new life; I must be born again. I read on to the 16th verse: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I was struck

by the words as if they were new. Are they for one like me? Yes, I thought, that 'whosoever' will bear *me*. I will venture on that love. I did so; and in that midnight hour cast my guilty soul upon the love of God in his Son; and while I was doing it, I entered into joy and rest."—*James Culross, M.A.*

COMING AND GOING.

SUNSHINE and shadow come and go alternately, or with mingled influence checker the scenes of life. The first coming of a child into the household is more than the advent of an angel. A divine messenger might more surprise us, might play upon our wonder and fear, or give food for reflection by his message.

But a child comes from as mysterious and strange a land as the unknown sky. Every day the little thing fills us with questions and wonders of thought. One child is a whole population. What is it? what will it become? how shall we rear it? what is it doing to us and within us? These thoughts come and go, in light and shadow, in hope and fear, in gladness or sorrow, with footfalls as numerous as if a whole host, and not one little babe, were the subject of them. But of the coming of these little ones poets and parents have written abundantly.

What about their going! When they go out to return no more we believe that the door of the Father's house has opened, and we weep. But it is not that they are safely at home. We weep; but it is not that they are gone, but that we are left. We weep, not because they are inside of the gate, but because we are outside and the door is shut.

But there are other goings besides these upward and heavenly ones. Children grow up. Nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now! His foot is in the field, his hand upon the sword. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like a raveling stocking—stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell: it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls, or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks. There is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O for some children's noise!

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbours would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child-life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and the lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

All summer long the great, full-breasted tree has covered his branches with numberless leaves, and whirled them in the wind for music, and covered the little birds from sight that sung and builded within. At length a single leaf hangs in the tree with a brilliant colour. You look at it and sigh, "It is the first I have seen this

summer; there will now be more such." To-morrow it falls. Others ripen and follow. Ere long the tree grows thin. Every wind lifts many of them, and hands them down to the ground. Every day there is less sound in the tree; every day more of rustling leaves along the fences. At length, after a rain, and a windy buffeting, the tree holds out its barren arms, and there are nowhere leaves upon them! Wait, O tree! There are buds and leaves yet. Only between thee and them is sleep, burial, resurrection. Winter is come, but so also is spring coming.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

"Our parlour carpet is beginning to look really shabby," said Mrs. Cartwright. "I declare, if I don't feel right down ashamed of it, every time a visitor, who is anybody, calls in to see me."

"A new one will cost ——"

The husband of Mrs. Cartwright, a good-natured, compliant man, who was never better pleased than when he could please his wife, paused to let her finish the sentence, which she did promptly, by saying,

"Only forty dollars. I've counted it all up. It will take thirty-six yards. I saw a beautiful piece at Martin's—just the thing—at one dollar a yard. Binding and other little matters won't go beyond three or four dollars, and I can make it myself, you know."

Only forty dollars! Mr. Cartwright glanced down at the carpet which had decorated the floor of their little parlour for nearly five years. It had a pleasant look in his eyes, for it was associated with many pleasant memories. Only forty dollars for a new one! If the cost were only five, instead of forty, the inclination to banish this old friend to an out-of-the-way chamber would have been no stronger in the mind of Mr. Cartwright. But forty dollars was an item in the calculation, and, to Mr. Cartwright, a serious one. Every year he was finding it harder to meet the gradually increasing demands upon his purse; for there was a steadily progressive enlargement of his family, and year after year the cost of living advanced. He was thinking of this, when his wife said,

"You know, Henry, that cousin Sally Gray is coming here on a visit, week after next. Now, I do want to put the best face on things while she is here. We were married at the same time, and I hear that her husband is getting rich. I feel a little pride about the matter, and don't want her to think that we're growing worse off than when we began life, and can't afford to replace this shabby old carpet for a new one."

No further argument was needed. Mr. Cartwright had sixty dollars in one of the bureau drawers, a fact well known to his wife. And it was also well known to her that it was the accumulation of very careful savings, designed, when the sum reached one hundred dollars, to cancel a loan made by a friend, at a time when sickness and a death in the family had run up their yearly expenses beyond the year's income. Very desirous was Mr. Cartwright to pay off this loan, and he had felt lighter in heart as the aggregate of his savings came nearer and nearer to the sum required for that purpose.

But he had no firmness to oppose his wife in anything. Her wishes, in this instance as in many others, he unwisely made a law. The argument about cousin Sally Gray was irresistible. No more than his wife did he wish to look poor in her eyes; and so, for the sake of her eyes, a new carpet was bought, and the old one—not by any means as worn and faded as the language of his wife indicated—sent up stairs, to do second-hand duty in the spare bedroom.

Not within the limits of forty dollars was the expense confined. A more costly pattern than could be obtained for one dollar a yard tempted the eyes of Mrs. Cartwright, and abstracted from her husband's savings the sum of over fifty dollars. Mats and rugs to go

with the carpet were indispensable, to give the parlour the right effect in the eyes of cousin Sally Gray, and the purchase of these absorbed the remainder of Mr. Cartwright's carefully hoarded sixty dollars.

Unfortunately for the comfortable condition of Mrs. Cartwright's mind, the new carpet, with its flaunting colours, put wholly out of countenance the cane-seated chairs and modest pier table, and gave to the dull paper on the walls a duller aspect. Before, she had scarcely noticed the hangings on the Venetian blinds; now it seemed as if they had lost their freshness in a day; and the places where they were broken and had been sewed again were singularly apparent every time her eye rested upon them.

"These blinds do look dreadful!" she said to her husband, on the day after the carpet went down. "Can you remember what they cost?"

"Eight dollars," replied Mr. Cartwright.

"So much?" The wife sighed as she spoke.

"Yes, that was the price. I remember it very well."

"I wonder what new hangings would cost?" Mrs. Cartwright's manner grew suddenly more cheerful, as the suggestion of a cheaper way to improve the windows came into her thought.

"Not much, I presume," answered her husband.

"Don't you think we'd better have it done?"

"Yes," was the compliant answer.

"Will you stop at the blind-maker's, as you go to the store, and tell him to send up for them to-day? It must be attended to at once, you know, for cousin Sally will be here on next Wednesday."

Mr. Cartwright called at the blind-maker's, as requested, and the blind-maker promised to send for the blinds. From thence he continued on to the store in which he was employed. There he found a note on his desk, from the friend to whom he was indebted for the one hundred dollars.

"Dear Cartwright,"—so the note ran—"If it is possible for you to let me have the one hundred dollars I loaned you, its return to-morrow will be a particular favour, as I have a large payment to make, and have been disappointed in the receipt of a sum confidently expected."

A very sudden change of feeling did Mr. Cartwright experience. He had, in a degree, partaken of his wife's pleasure in observing the improved appearance of their little parlour; but this pleasure was now succeeded by a sense of painful regret and mortification. It was nearly two hours before Mr. Cartwright returned an answer to his friend's note. Most of that time had been spent in the vain effort to discover some way out of the difficulty in which he found himself placed. He would have asked an advance of one hundred dollars on his salary, but he did not deem that a prudent step, and for two reasons. One was the known character of his employers, and the other was involved in the question of how he was to support his family for the time he was working out this advance. At last, in sadness and humiliation, he wrote a brief reply, regretting his inability to replace the loan now, but promising to do it in a very short time. Not very long after this answer was sent, there came another note from his friend, written in evident haste, and under the influence of angry feelings. It was in these words:

"I enclose your due-bill, which I, yesterday, thought good for its amount. But, as it is worthless, I send it back. The man who buys new carpets and new furniture, instead of paying his honest debts, can be no friend of mine. I am sorry to have been mistaken in Henry Cartwright."

Twice did the unhappy man read this cutting letter; then, folding it up slowly, he concealed it in one of his pockets. Nothing was said about it to his wife, whose wordy admiration of the new carpet, at morning, noon, and night, for the next two or three days, was a continual reproof of his weakness for having yielded to her wishes in a matter where calm judgment and the principle of right should have prevailed. But she could not help noticing that he was less cheerful; and once or twice he spoke to her in a way that she thought positively ill-natured. Something was wrong with him; but what that something was, she did not for an instant imagine.

At last the day arrived for cousin Sally Gray's visit. Unfortunately, the

Venetian blinds were still at the blind-maker's, where they were likely to remain for a week longer, as it was discovered, on the previous afternoon, that he had never touched them since they came into his shop. Without them the little parlour had a terribly bare look; the strong light coming in, and contrasting harshly the new, gaudy carpet, with the old, worn, and faded furniture. Mrs. Cartwright fairly cried with vexation.

"We must have something for the windows, Henry," she said, as she stood disconsolate in the parlour, after tea. "It will never do in the world to let cousin Sally find us in this trim."

"Cousin Sally will find a welcome in our hearts," replied her husband in a sober voice, "and that, I am sure, will be more grateful to her than new carpets and window-blinds."

The way in which this was spoken rather surprised Mrs. Cartwright; and she felt just a little rebuked.

"Don't you think," she said, after a few moments of silence on both sides, "that we might afford to buy a few yards of lace to put up to the windows, just for decency's sake?"

"No," answered the husband, firmly. "We have afforded too much already."

His manner seemed to Mrs. Cartwright almost ill-natured. It hurt her very much. Both sat down in the parlour, and both remained silent. Mrs. Cartwright thought of the mean appearance everything in that "best room" would have in the eyes of cousin Sally, and Mr. Cartwright thought of his debt to his friend, and of that friend's anger and alienation. Both felt more uncomfortable than they had been for a long time.

On the next day cousin Sally arrived. She had not come to spy out the nakedness of the land—not for the purpose of making contrasts between her own condition in life and that of Mr. Cartwright—but from pure love. She had always been warmly attached to her cousin; and the years during which new life associations had separated them had increased rather than diminished this attachment. But the gladness of their meeting was soon overshadowed; at least for cousin Sally. She saw by the end of the first day's visit that her cousin was more concerned to make a good appearance in her eyes—to have her understand that she and her husband were getting along bravely in the world—than to open her heart to her as of old, and exchange with her a few pages in the history of their inner lives. What interest had she in the new carpet, or the curtainless window, that seemed to be the most prominent of all things in the mind of her relative? None whatever! If the visit had been from Mary Cartwright to herself she would never have thought for an instant of making preparations for her coming by the purchase of new furniture, or by any change in the externals of her home. All arrangements for the reception would have been in her heart.

Cousin Sally was disappointed. She did not find the relative, with whom so many years of her life had been spent in sweet intercourse, as she had hoped to find her. The girlish warmth of feeling had given place to a cold worldliness, that repelled instead of attracting her. She had loved, and suffered much; had passed through many trials, and entered through many opening doors into new experiences, during the years since their ways parted; and she had come to this old, dear friend, yearning for that heart-intercourse, that reading together of some of the pages of their books of life, which she felt almost as a necessity. What interest had she for the mere externals of Mary's life? None!—None! And the constant reference thereto, by her cousin, seemed like a desecration. Careful and troubled about the little things of life she found the dear old friend of her girlish days, to whom she had come hopefully as to one who could comprehend, as in earlier years, the feelings, thoughts, and aspirations, which had grown stronger, deeper, and of wider range.

Alas! Alas! How was the fine gold dimmed in her eyes!

"Dear Mary," she said to her cousin, on the morning of the day that was to end her visit—they were sitting together in the little parlour, and Mrs. Cartwright had referred, for the fortieth time, to the unshaded windows, and declared herself mortified to death at the appearance of things—"Dear Mary! It was to see you, not your furniture, that I came. To look into your heart, and feel it beating against mine

as of old; not to pry curiously into your ways of living, nor to compare your house-furnishing with my own. But for your constant reference to these things, I should not have noticed particularly how your house was attired; and if asked about them, could only have answered, 'She's living very nicely.' Forgive me for this plain speech, dear cousin! I did not mean to give utterance to such language; but the words are spoken now, and cannot be recalled."

Mrs. Cartwright, if not really offended, was mortified and rebuked; and these states of feeling, united with pride, served to give coldness to her exterior. She tried to be cordial in manner towards her cousin—to seem as if she had not felt her words; but this was impossible, for she had felt them too deeply. She saw that the cherished friend and companion of her girlhood was disappointed in her; that she had come to look into her heart, and not into the attiring of her home; and was going away with diminished affection. After years of divergence their paths had touched; and, separating once more, she felt that they would never run parallel again.

A few hours later, cousin Sally gave her a parting kiss. How different in warmth from the kiss of meeting! Very sad, very dissatisfied with herself, very unhappy did Mrs. Cartwright feel, as she sat musing alone after her relative had departed. She was conscious of having lost a friend for ever, because she had not risen to the higher level to which that friend had attained—not in external, but in the true internal life.

But a sharper mortification was in store for her. The letter of her husband's friend, in which he had returned the due-bill for one hundred dollars, fell accidentally into her hands, and overwhelmed her with consternation. For that new carpet, which had failed to win more than a few extorted sentences of praise from cousin Sally Gray, her husband had lost the esteem of one of his oldest and best friends, and was now suffering, in silence, the most painful trial of his life.

Poor, weak woman! Instead of the pleasure she had hoped to gain in the possession of this carpet, it had made her completely wretched. While sitting almost stupefied with the pressure that was on her feelings, a neighbour called in, and she went down to the parlour to meet her.

"What a lovely carpet!" said the neighbour in real admiration. "Where did you buy it?"

"At Martin's," was answered.

"Had they any more of the same pattern?" inquired the neighbour.

"This was the last piece."

The neighbour was sorry. It was the most beautiful pattern she had ever seen, and she would hunt the city over but she would find another just like it.

"You may have this one," said Mrs. Cartwright, on the impulse of the moment. "My husband doesn't particularly fancy it. Your parlour is exactly the size of mine. It is all made and bound nicely, as you can see; and the work on it shall cost you nothing. We paid a little over fifty dollars for the carpet before a stitch was taken in it, and fifty dollars will make you the possessor."

"Are you really in earnest?" said the neighbour.

"Never more so in my life."

"It is a bargain, then."

"Very well."

"When can I have it?"

"Just as soon as I can rip it from the floor," said Mrs. Cartwright, in real earnest.

"Go to work," replied the neighbour, laughing out at the novelty of the affair. "Before your task is half done, I will be back with the fifty dollars, and a man to carry home the carpet."

And so she was. In less than half an hour after the sale was made, in this off-hand fashion, Mrs. Cartwright sat alone in her parlour, looking down upon the naked floor. But she had five ten-dollar gold pieces in her hand, and they were of more value in her eyes than twenty carpets. Not long did she sit musing there. There was other work to do. The old carpet must be replaced upon the parlour floor ere her husband's return. And it was replaced. In the midst of her hurried operations, the old blinds with the new hangings came in and were put up to the windows. When Mr. Cartwright returned home and stepped inside of the little parlour, where he found his wife awaiting him, he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Mary! What is the meaning of this? Where is the new carpet?"

She laid the five gold pieces in his hand, and then looked earnestly, and with tears in her eyes, upon his wondering face.

"What are these, Mary? Where did they come from?"

"Cousin Sally is gone. The carpet didn't seem attractive in her eyes; and it has lost all beauty in mine. So I sold the unlovely thing, and here is the money. Take it, dear Henry, and let it serve the purpose for which it was designed."

"All right again!" exclaimed Mr. Cartwright, as soon as the whole matter was clear to him. "All right! Mary, dear! That carpet, had it remained, would have wrecked, I fear, the happiness of our home. Ah, let us consult only our own eyes hereafter, Mary—not the eyes of other people. None think the better of us for what we seem—only for what we are. It is not from fine furniture that our true pleasure in life is to come; but from a consciousness of right-doing. Let the inner life be right, and the outer life will surely be in just harmony. In the humble abode of virtue there is more real happiness, than in the palace homes of the unjust, the selfish, and wrong-doers. The sentiment is old as the world; but it must come to every heart, at some time in life, with all the force of an original utterance. And let it so come to us now, dear wife!"

And thus it did come. This little experience showed them an aspect of things that quickened their better reasons; and its smart remained long enough to give it the power of a monitor in all their after lives. They never erred again in this wise. For two or three years more the old carpet did duty in their neat little parlour; and when it was at last replaced by a new one, the change was made for their own eyes, and not for the eyes of another.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE CROSS ON THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

Up the dark stairs that led to his poor home strode a gloomy-faced young man, with despair in his heart and despairing words on his lips.

"I will struggle and suffer no longer; my last hope has failed, and life, become a burden, I will rid myself of at once."

As he muttered wildly to himself, he flung wide the door and was about to enter, but paused upon the threshold; for a glance told him that he had unconsciously passed his own apartment and come up higher, till he found himself in a room poorer but more cheerful than his own.

Sunshine streamed in through the one small window, where a caged bird was blithely singing, and a few flowers blossomed in the light. But blither than the bird's song, sweeter than the flowers, were the little voice and wan face of a child, who lay upon a bed placed where the warmest sunbeams fell.

The face turned smiling on the pillow, and the voice said pleasantly—

"Come in, sir. Bess will soon be back, if you will wait."

"I want nothing of Bess. Who is she, and who are you?" asked the intruder, pausing as he was about to turn away.

"She is my sister, sir, and I'm poor Jamie, as they call me. But, indeed, I am not to be pitied, for I am a happy child, though it may not seem so."

"Why do you lie there? are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick, though I shall never leave my bed again. See, this is why;" and, folding back the covering, the child showed his little withered limbs.

"How long have you lain here, my poor boy?" asked the stranger, touched and interested in spite of himself.

"Three years, sir."

"And yet you are happy! What, in reason's name, have you to render you contented, child?"

"Come, sit beside me, and I'll tell you, sir; that is, if you please: I should love to talk with you, for it is lonely here when Bess is gone."

Something in the child's winning voice, and the influence of the cheerful room, calmed the young man's troubled spirit and seemed to lighten his despair. He sat down at the bedside, looking gloomily upon the child, who lay, smiling placidly, as with skilful hands he carved small figures from the bits of wood scattered around him on the coverlet.

"What have you to make you happy, Jamie? Tell me your secret, for I need the knowledge very much," said his new friend, earnestly.

"First of all, I have dear Bess," and the child's voice lingered upon the name; "she is so good, so very good to me; no one can tell how much we love each other. All day she sits beside my bed, singing to ease my pain, or reading while I work; she gives me flowers and birds, and all the sunshine that comes in to us, and sits there in the shadow that I may be warm and glad. She waits on me all day; but when I wake at night, I always see her sewing busily, and know it is for me—my good, kind Bess!

"Then I have my work, sir, to amuse me; and it helps a little too, for kind children always buy my toys, when Bess tells them of the little boy who carved them lying here at home while they play out among the grass and flowers where he can never be."

"What else, Jamie?" and the listener's face grew softer as the cheerful voice went on.

"I have my bird, sir, and my roses; I have books; and best of all, I have the cross on the old church tower. I can see it from my pillow, and it shines there all day long, so bright and beautiful, while the white doves coo upon the roof below. I love it dearly."

The young man looked out through the narrow window, and saw, rising high above the house-tops, like a finger pointing heavenward, the old gray tower and the gleaming cross. The city's din was far below, and through the summer air the faint coo of the doves and the flutter of their wings came down like peaceful country sounds.

"Why do you love it, Jamie?" he asked, looking at the thoughtful [illegible] that lit up eagerly as the boy repli[illegible]

"Because it does me so much good, sir. Bess told me long ago about the blessed Jesus who bore so much for us, and I longed to be as like him as a little child could grow. So when my pain was very sharp, I looked up there, and, thinking of the things he suffered, tried so hard to bear it that I often could; but sometimes when it was too bad, instead of fretting Bess, I'd cry softly, looking up there all the time, and asking Him to help me to be a patient child. I think he did; and now it seems so like a friend to me, I like it better every day. I watch the sun climb up along the roofs in the morning, creeping up higher and higher till it shines upon the cross and turns it into gold. Then through the day I watch the sunshine fade away, till all the red goes from the sky, and for a little while I cannot see it through the dark. But the moon comes, and I love it better then; for, lying awake through the long nights, I see the cross so high and bright with stars all shining round it, and I feel still and happy in my heart as when Bess sings to me in the twilight."

"But when there is no moon, or clouds hide it from you, what then, Jamie?" asked the young man, wondering if there was no cloud to darken the cheerful child's content.

"I wait till it is clear again, and feel that it is there, although I cannot see it, sir. I hope it never will be taken down, for the light upon the cross seems like that I see in dear Bessie's eyes when she holds me in her arms and calls me her 'patient Jamie.' She never knows I try to bear my troubles for her sake, as she bears hunger and cold for mine. So you see, sir, how many things I have to make me a happy child."

"I would gladly lie down on your pillow to be half as light of heart as you are, little Jamie, for I have lost my faith in everything, and with it all my happiness;" and the heavy shadow which had lifted for a while fell back darker than before upon the anxious face beside the bed.

"If I were well and strong like you, sir, I think I should be so thankful nothing could trouble me;" and with a sigh the boy glanced at the vigorous

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"Why do you love it, Jamie?" he asked, looking at the thoughtful face that lit up eagerly as the boy replied—

"Because it does me so much good, sir. Bess told me long ago about the blessed Jesus who bore so much for us, and I longed to be as like him as a little child could grow. So when my pain was very sharp, I looked up there, and, thinking of the things he suffered, tried so hard to bear it that I often could; but sometimes when it was too bad, instead of fretting, Bess, I'd creep softly, looking up there all the time, and asking Him to help me to be a patient child. I think he did; and now it seems so like a friend to me, like it better every day. I watch the sun climb up along the roofs in the morning, creeping up higher and higher till it shines upon the cross and turns it into gold. Then through the day I watch the sunshine fade away, till all the red goes from the sky, and for a little while I cannot see it through the dark. But the moon comes, and I love it better then; for, lying awake through the long nights, I see the cross so high and bright with stars all shining round it, and I feel still and happy in my heart as when Bess sings to me in the twilight."

"But when there is no moon, or clouds hide it from you, what then, Jamie?" asked the young man, wondering if there was no cloud to darken the cheerful child's content.

"I wait till it is clear again, and feel that it is there, although I cannot see it, sir. I hope it never will be taken down, for the light upon the cross seems like that I see in dear Bessie's eyes when she holds me in her arms and calls me her 'patient Jamie.' She never knows I try to bear my troubles for her sake, as she bears hunger and cold for mine. So you see, sir, how many things I have to make me a happy child."

"I would gladly lie down on your pillow to be half as light of heart as you are, little Jamie, for I have lost my faith in everything, and with it all my happiness;" and the heavy shadow which had lifted for a while fell back darker than before upon the anxious face beside the bed.

"If I were well and strong like you, sir, I think I should be so thankful nothing could trouble me;" and with a sigh the boy glanced at the vigorous

frame and energetic countenance of his new friend, wondering at the despondent look he wore.

"If you were poor, so poor you had no means wherewith to get a crust of bread, nor a shelter for the night; if you were worn out with disappointment, and haunted by ambitious hopes never to be realized, what would you do, Jamie?" suddenly asked the young man, prompted by the desire that every human heart has felt for sympathy and counsel, even from the little creature before him, ignorant and inexperienced as he was.

But the child, wiser in his innocence than many an older counsellor, pointed upward, saying, with a look of perfect trust—

"I should look up to the cross upon the tower, and think of what Bess told me about God, who feeds the birds and clothes the flowers; and I should wait patiently, feeling sure he would remember me."

With an altered feeling in his heart, and a brave smile on his lips, the young man went away, leaving the child with another happy memory, to watch the cross upon the old church tower.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

The night before the battle of Bull's Run, two soldiers were talking together. One was a Christian young man, the other was not. The unconverted man was in great heaviness of mind. He had been for some time anxious about his soul. He went to his friend to open to him all his heart, and said to him, "I do not see that there can be any mercy for me."

"Why not mercy for you?" inquired his friend.

"Because I cannot find it."

"What do you want to find?"

"Want to find! I want to find relief; I want to find happiness!"

"Is that what you want to find?"

"Surely it is. What else should I want to find?"

"My poor friend, happiness is very desirable; but you will never find it, if you seek it as an end. You must find"——

"Find what?"

"Why, you must find Christ. You must be cleansed from sin in order to be made happy. You must be renewed and sanctified, by the 'washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' '*Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.*' You must find Christ *here*, and *now*. You have no time to lose."

"Well, how shall I find him?"

"*Believe on him with all your heart.* Accept him as your Saviour. He gave his life a ransom for sinners. Believe this and live. Give everything away for him, and take him to your heart instead of everything else."

"And shall I then be saved?"

"Believing in Christ you cannot be lost. Believe in him, and you are saved already. You are passed from death unto life. You may depend on it, I tell you the truth. He says, if you simply believe, you '*shall never perish, neither shall any be able to pluck you out of his hand.*' 'Him that cometh unto me,' he says, 'I will in no wise cast out.' He also says, that whom he loveth, he loveth unto the end. Now, can you not believe, and trust your soul to him?"

The two friends separated for the night, but before daylight they found themselves together again. They were marching towards the field of battle, shoulder to shoulder, and knew not when or where they would meet the enemy. "How do you feel now?" said the pious soldier to the other.

"Oh, unspeakably happy," he replied.

"Happy! what makes you happy?"

"Oh, I have found Christ. Last night I was so miserable that I did not know what to do. After our talk, I went away by myself and fell down on my knees, and told the Lord what a poor sinner and miserable wretch I was, and deserving nothing—nothing but hell, and I must go there unless he reached down his hand to save me, and I knew he could if he would, and I believed he would. No sooner said than done. I felt as plain as day that he did hear and save. It seemed to me I could hear his voice saying to me, 'No, you shall not go to hell; no sinner goes there who believes on me. I will take you to myself, that where I am, you may be.' Oh! I have wanted to tell you so; it seems as if I could not wait. I want you to praise the Lord with me. All you told me last night is true—every word true; you

can't trust Christ even a little, but he seems to fill you full of joy. I never saw anything like it. It is almost more than I can bear, to think how he has mercy, and how much mercy he has, on such a poor sinner as I have been. Oh! I am sorry—I am so sorry. I am ashamed before God, and I told him so; and the more he seems to love me, the more sorry I get. And yet, I am so happy; and yet I can hardly tell why. But I will tell you one thing—I give up all to Jesus: no half-way work about it, I tell you. It is all or nothing, I find; and if I could stop, I should not know where to stop."

So the new convert revealed his new joy to his pious companion in the early morning of that fatal 21st of July. The soldier said—"We went upon the field together, he talking and I listening with glad surprise to his rich experience of forgiving grace in Jesus Christ. By-and-by we were in the midst of the roar of cannon and musketry, and my friend was shot dead at my side."

And now, reader, whilst we drop a tear over the untimely end of this young man, let us, with affectionate boldness, inquire, were death suddenly to call you away, are you ready for the summons? Have you ever been really anxious about your soul, knowing that if you die in your sins you are lost for ever? Oh that the Lord by his Spirit may strike the arrow of conviction deep into your soul, so that you can never rest until you find rest in that blessed Saviour, who died "*the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.*" They that believe in him do enter into rest. (Heb. iv. 3.)

"A LAUGHING-STOCK."

He was a good man, that Deacon L. I knew him well. He was my kindred and my friend. He stood over six feet high, and was proportionately large; a farmer, "well to do"—always moral and upright. When about forty years old, he became deeply interested in religion. Naturally very, *very* diffident, he said little or nothing to any one about his feelings. Months rolled on, and still he was anxious, distressed; while yet he had regular seasons of secret prayer, read his Bible, and was doing all he felt he could and ought to do, save *one thing*. He was the head of a family. He had a sweet wife and four children, all impenitent; but they were his; and conscience urged him to the duty of erecting the family altar. But the cross,—oh, it was too great for his timidity! So it was put off, and new duties discharged in other directions as an offset; but he grew nothing the better, nay, rather the worse. At length, one morning, in his field, he solemnly resolved that that night he would, come what might, make the attempt at least, to pray in his family. A seamstress was at his house, from whose ridicule and scorn he shrank; but his mind was made up. And here I give his own language. "When I went to dinner, she told me she wished to go home that afternoon. Never did I carry a person from my house so gladly before. She was now out of my way, and one great obstacle was removed. Night came on, and I seemed to gain strength for my duty. But just as I was about to get my Bible and tell my family what I intended then and thereafter to do, who should knock at my door but the youngest brother of my wife, a mirth-loving, captious young man, a member of college, just the last person in the world I then wanted to see! What should I do? What,—what! my heart cried; and my agony seemed to me more than I could bear. But my vow had been made, and there could be no going back. I arose, got my Bible from the shelf, and told them what I was about to do.

"My wife looked as though she would sink. My children looked one at another, at their mother, and at me, not knowing what was to happen. My brother-in-law seemed greatly amazed. But rallying all my strength, I read a Psalm and knelt down; at length I said, 'O Lord'——and could not utter another word; and there I was, a great stout man, upon my knees, *a laughing-stock for* my family. There I was; I could not speak, and there my proud heart was humbled, and there my heavenly Father met me, and my soul was filled with unutterable peace. When I arose, my poor wife was mortified, and hung her head to conceal it. My brother-in-law said nothing, soon retired, and the next morning he left home for college again."

That family altar has not ceased to

burn with daily incense, though the priest thereof has ministered unto it for forty odd years.

Now mark the result of that attempt at prayer, when the good man was, in his own esteem, "a laughing-stock." In about a week he received a letter from that brother-in-law student, which began with these words: "Rejoice with me, brother Daniel, for I have found the Saviour; and that scene at your house the other evening God has blessed to the salvation of my soul." This young man studied divinity at Andover, but when about to be licensed to preach the Gospel, was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and soon went to his rest. That wife, those children, and many others under the same roof, have found the Saviour through the instrumentality of this praying man. He bore the cross and received the crown. He lives still in a green old age, calmly waiting for his summons to go up higher.

Be sure it is always best to obey God. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by shrinking from duty. They are difficulties *overcome* and *conquered*, upon which we rise. The Christian is a soldier. He must not *fear* when executing a command. The anxious lose—oh, how much they lose! sometimes the immortal soul—by failing to *do* the right thing, that *one* thing, to which God evidently calls. Many a head of a family has stumbled at the cross of family prayer, and lost all. What, though for once, or a hundred times, he may be "a laughing-stock"! It matters nothing, when such interests are in peril. The care of the soul is the great care. Who can—or will—neglect it?

"IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON."

Dr. Chalmers, on his return from England, some years before his death, lodged in the house of a nobleman not far distant from Peebles. The Doctor was known to excel in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. Chalmers, and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up-stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed-chambers opened on the right and left. The apartment of Dr. Chalmers was directly opposite to that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the Doctor was undressing himself, he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan. He hastened into the apartment, which, in a few minutes, was filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed chief had fallen into the arms of his attendant in apoplexy. He breathed for a few moments, and expired. Dr. Chalmers stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never, in my life," said he, in a tremulous voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of that text, 'Preach the Word: be instant in season, and out of season.' Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and you—Christ Jesus, and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as it respected him, and as it respects you."

A Page for the Young.

LITTLE OLIVE'S DREAM.

LITTLE OLIVE looked very pale and thin, as she lay in her bed one pleasant June day. It was one of those June days when everything is so beautiful, that if we try to imagine heaven, we can only think of an eternal June. Little Olive lay looking out upon the green fields, and, far in the distance, the blue hills, while every breeze that floated in was laden with the sweet scent of roses.

"How beautiful," thought Olive, "everything is! I wonder if there can be anything prettier."

Just then she heard her sister's voice under the window, singing as she passed along; and listening, she caught the words,

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

"Never-withering," said little Olive: "that must be beautiful!" As her sister's voice died away in the distance, little Olive's eyes closed, and whispering to herself, "Never-withering, never-fading," she fell asleep.

Never-fading! One could not help saying it as they looked at Olive's pale cheeks, and white lips, and marked the thin hands folded together. Dear little Olive, God keep thee from fading. But this is not Olive's dream; only what happened before it.

She dreamed that she was walking through the green fields to the blue hills beyond, and as she came near, the hills kept changing, till there stood in their place a beautiful city. Its walks were of gold, glittering with diamonds; and through the open gate she could see people walking, dressed in white robes, with crowns of bright flowers. Little Olive clapped her hands with delight, at the wonderful sight. "How I wish I could go in! but this old dress would look so shabby among those pretty ones," she said, looking down at her dress once white, now soiled by her walk through the fields. Just then she caught sight of a little stream flowing through the meadows. "Oh! I can wash out the spots, and then it will do." Saying this, she ran quickly to the little stream. She washed and washed away, but the spots only seemed to grow worse. She was almost ready to give up, when a dark cloud came over the sun, and she thought, "Why, my dress is not so very dirty, after all." Forgetting, poor little Olive, that it was only because the sun was clouded that her dress looked white. "It is really quite white," she said again; "and when the sun comes out, it will shine as brightly as those beautiful ones in the golden city." Satisfied with her dress, she started towards the gate, when, catching sight of some bright red poppies, she thought,

"Oh! I can have a wreath now, and a prettier one, too, than those they are wearing."

So she twisted a garland of the bright poppy flowers; and holding her head very high, and looking well-satisfied with her appearance, she walked up to the gate. How wonderful it seemed as she looked in, down the long streets, with beautiful gardens, and just such children as little Olive playing under the evergreen trees, while every now and then sweet music floated on the air, and children's voices sang, "Glory to the Lamb, for ever and ever!"

Little Olive longed to go in; but there stood by the gate a bright angel with golden wings. As she looked up, his face grew very sorrowful, as very softly, very sadly, he said, "No, little Olive; you can't come in." Just then the sun shone out from behind the clouds, and looking down, Olive saw her dress all stained and spotted, and taking the wreath from her head she found it withered away. Then the angel said again, "No, little Olive; your dress is not pure and white, and your crown is not made of never-fading flowers. No; you can't come in."

Little Olive sank down on the green turf by the gate, and began to cry.

"What is the matter with my little Olive?"

Olive looked up surprised. She was lying in bed, looking out on the green

fields, and there, beside her, instead of the angel's sad face, was the bright and smiling one of her mother.

Olive's arms were round her mother's neck in a moment, as she told her her dream; and the tears started afresh as she said, "And oh, mother! the beautiful angel, with the saddest face I ever saw, said, 'No, little Olive; you can't come in.'"

Tears were in the mother's eyes too, as she wiped them away from Olive's; and in her heart she prayed, "Oh, my blessed Jesus, take my little Olive in."

"Shall mother finish the dream, Olive?"

"Oh, yes; that will be beautiful," she said, laying her head back on the pillow, and waiting for her mother to begin.

Taking her hand, her mother said, "After little Olive had sat for some time crying by the gate of the beautiful city, she thought, 'I will try again to make my dress clean: perhaps if I try long enough I can do it.' So brightening up, she started to the little stream, and tried again. At last, tired with the vain effort, for the dress only seemed more soiled than ever, she sat down on the bank, and began to cry. 'What is the matter, little Olive?' She looked up, and there stood by her a stranger, with such a beautiful face; and he looked upon her so kindly that she could not help loving him. 'What is the matter, dear little Olive?' 'Oh, sir!' she said, 'I want to go into the beautiful city, and the angel by the gate won't let me, because my dress is not clean; and I've washed and washed it, and I can't make it any better.' 'Will you go with me, little Olive? and I will show you where you can wash it white and clean.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I will go.' Then he lifted her in his arms, and carried her very gently past the green fields to a dreary-looking place, where the stones in the path and the thorns in the way seemed to hurt the feet of the stranger; but little Olive was safe, for she was carried in his arms. At last they came to a great rock, on the top of which there stood a stone cross; and, as Olive looked nearer, there trickled from the rock drops of blood. 'Here, little Olive,' the stranger said; 'this will take all stains from your dress; for look.' He pointed to the cross, on which Olive read, 'What are these which are arrayed in white garments? These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Then Olive waited no longer; and when her dress had been washed in the stream of blood that flowed from the rock, behold, it was white and clean. Then the stranger took her again in his arms. This time the path seemed smooth; and where the ugly thorns had been before, were now beautiful flowers. As they drew near the gate of the city, little Olive said, 'Oh, sir! I can't go in without a crown.' 'Yes,' said the stranger; 'no one enters the beautiful city with a crown; they are all given to them at the gate. A crown of glory that fadeth not away.' As they reached the gate, the angel that kept it looked now with happy face, and said, 'Yes, little Olive, you may come in;' and a band of little children came out to meet them."

The mother could say no more; the tears were coming so fast; but little Olive said, "The crown, mother; what of the crown?"

"O yes," she said; "they gave her a crown of never-withering flowers. Dear little Olive," said her mother, "can you tell who the kind stranger was that carried you in his arms?"

"Yes," said Olive; "it was Jesus."

"Yes; we can never make ourselves pure in his sight; but he can make us if we trust in him. We can never do anything to crown ourselves; but Jesus will crown all those who love him, when they reach the beautiful city. Shall we ask him, Olive, to make us ready to enter the golden gate?"

Little Olive closed her eyes, while her mother prayed the blessed Saviour to wash away all her sins in his own precious blood.

Dear little children, this is Olive's dream. I do not think it is all a dream. I know that somewhere there stands just such a beautiful city as little Olive saw. And let us all pray that to none of us the angel at the golden gate of heaven may say, No, little one; you can't come in.

Our Sunday Schools.

CHEERING WORDS FOR TEACHERS.

It was Sunday morning, a beautiful morning it was, too; it was one of those mornings which seem to make both soul and body light; and with the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness within, and the shining of the sun of nature without, and for a while to forget the troubles of a world of sin, a man may feel a joy of heaven on earth. But how short such seasons are! Some trouble, some sin, or something disagreeable, may and will wedge itself in and tell us that "this is not our rest."

A teacher was on his way to the Sabbath school; and, though all around him looked so bright, yet he was sad, and appeared to be in deep thought. He was thinking of his class. He had long prayed and watched for some fruit to his labours, but as yet he could see none. He had told them oft of the Saviour, and his power to save; that none but Christ could save the soul; that if any of them felt the load of their sin, and the need of a Saviour, if they fled to Jesus he would wash them clean. He asked for a special blessing to attend his labours that day. The children read John iii.; he then questioned them on it, and told them what it was to be born again, that if not born again hell was the portion of the soul after death to all eternity. The time came for the children to disperse. The teacher went home sadder than he came; he still could not see any blessing, and felt that the boys of his class were his special care, and that a solemn responsibility rested upon him in regard to their immortal souls. He retired to his room, and poured out his soul to his heavenly Father. He heard his name called, and went down stairs. A little boy stood in the hall; he recognized the youngest boy in his class.

"O, teacher, I want to speak to you," said the boy, his eyes filling with tears.

"What is the matter, my boy?"

"O, teacher, I want to speak to you by yourself," said the child, his emotion checking his utterance.

"Well, let us go for a walk together, as it is such a beautiful night."

They turned across a hay-field; the grass was cut, and lying to dry.

"Well, my boy, what is it you wanted to say to me?"

"O, teacher, my soul! what will become of my soul? I'm not born again."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will save you."

"O that I could!" said the boy.

"Let us pray and ask him to enable you to believe."

They both knelt down on the mown grass, and teacher and child poured out their souls to Him who heareth prayer.

"Well, my dear boy, have you yet any peace?"

"No, teacher; I feel my sins so great!"

"Let us ask again."

And again both implored the mercy-seat. As the teacher fervently prayed that Jesus' love might be shed abroad, and his pardoning mercy felt, the little boy, with his face and hands raised up to heaven, with tears fast flowing, cried—

"God be merciful to me, a sinner. Jesus, save me!"

They continued so till a smile came over the face that was directed to him who hears the cry of the contrite.

"O, teacher, Jesus has come. He has pardoned all my sins. O, how happy I am! Let us sing, teacher."

And in that field was heard a song of joy, and in heaven the angels struck their golden lyres that another soul was added to the Saviour's triumphs.

NOT IN VAIN.

"I have laboured in vain," a teacher said,
And her brow was marked by care;
"I have laboured in vain." She bowed her head,
And bitter and sad were the tears she shed
In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn, and my hands are weak,
And my courage is well-nigh gone;
For none give heed to the words I speak,
And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek,
Where the seed of the word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,
For her spirit with grief was stirred;
Till the night grew dark, and at last she slept,
And a silent calm o'er her spirit crept,
And a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And she thought in her dreams that the soul took flight
To a blessed and bright abode;
She saw a throne of dazzling light,
And harps were ringing, and robes were white,
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around
As she never had seen before;
Their brows with jewels of light were crowned,
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,
For the troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white-robed maiden came forth and said—
"Joy, joy! for thy trials are past!
I am *one* that thy gentle words have led
In the narrow pathway of life to tread—
I welcome thee home at last!"

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's face;
She had seen that face on earth,
When with anxious heart, in her wonted place,
She had told her charge of a Saviour's grace,
And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and an angel said,
"Go forth to thy work again;
It is not in vain that the seed is shed;
If only *one* soul to the cross is led,
Thy labour is not in vain."

And at last she woke, and her knee she bent
In grateful, child-like prayer—
And she prayed till an answer of peace was sent,
And Faith and Hope as a rainbow blent,
O'er the clouds of her earthly care.

And she rose in joy, and her eye was bright,
Her sorrow and grief had fled—
And her soul was calm, and her heart was light,
For her hands were strong in her Saviour's might,
As forth to her work she sped.

Then rise, fellow-teacher, to labour go!
Wide scatter the precious grain—
Though the fruit may never be seen below,
Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow;
Toil on in faith, and thou soon shalt know
"Thy labour is not in vain!"

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.

And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever—'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel;"——

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master—
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me!"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee:

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"*Of* such are the kingdom of heaven"—
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A visitor has just arrived in England, for whom we wish to bespeak a kindly reception. His own merits, the land from which he comes, and the purpose which has brought him here, alike commend him to our kindness and our sympathy. The visitor we refer to is Mr. Teall, of Jamaica.

Fifty years since, as our readers have been already informed, the Baptist Mission in Jamaica was commenced. On the 23rd of February, 1814, the Rev. John Rowe landed at Montego Bay, and began the work of the Jamaica Baptist Mission. How much has occurred since then! How many brethren, beloved and honoured, have laboured in the field, and have passed away! Since the year 1814, the great battle between freedom and slavery has been fought and won: Rowe and Manne, Coultart and Tinson, Kitching and Nichols, Burton and Gardner, Burchell and Knibb, have served their Master, and have gone to their reward: the work of God, by these and by others of his servants, has been carried on, with increasingly gratifying results from year to year. The present position of the Mission in Jamaica is one that can excite nothing but thankfulness. At the present moment there are seventy-four regularly-organized Baptist churches in the island; these churches include thirty thousand members; there are several other churches in the island which have sprung from the operations of the Mission, though not now in connection with it; all the churches are, and for many years have been, supported entirely without foreign aid; and these churches are presided over by twenty-two European and nineteen native pastors, or forty-one in all. If this were all that could be said about our Mission in Jamaica, it would be cause enough for gratitude to God. Not often in fifty years is so much accomplished with so small an agency; but, during the fifty years other agencies have been set on foot. The Mission has its own college and training-school, for the education of pastors and native teachers. The churches have their own Missionary Society, which raises, for home and foreign purposes, from a thousand to thirteen hundred pounds a year. The day schools in connection with the Mission number about ninety, and they have in operation about seventy Sunday schools, with upwards of eleven hundred teachers, and thirteen thousand scholars. Such is the condition of the Jamaica Mission, fifty years after Mr. Rowe landed at Montego Bay.

On the 23rd of February last, the Jubilee of the Mission was celebrated in Jamaica. The scene has been already described at some length. At half-past six in the morning a large prayer-meeting was held, and loud was the song of praise and gratitude that was raised by those for whom the Gospel had done such great things. At eleven o'clock a.m., fully five thousand people had congregated together. The Baptist chapel at Brown's Town was crowded to overflowing; the spacious school-house was also soon filled, chiefly with children; and then the Presbyterian chapel (kindly lent for the occasion) was filled also. The chair at the Baptist chapel was occupied by the Rev. J. M. Phillippo, the senior missionary of the island, and addresses were delivered by other brethren, also spared, and universally beloved and esteemed. Altogether, the description reminds us of the best days of the Jamaica Mission. Of course, the names of the departed were mentioned with gratitude. Their sufferings and their faithfulness were referred to, and God was glorified in them. It was calculated that not less than ten thousand persons took part in the different services that were held in Brown's Town alone; and similar services, though on a smaller scale, were held in different localities in the island.

One object of these Jubilee meetings was to express gratitude for the past; another was to endeavour to make provision for greater labours in the future. It was proposed to raise a Jubilee Fund of five thousand pounds. This was to be expended in the extension of the African Mission, the repair and building of chapels and other Mission property, the increase of home missionary operations, and the improvement and extension of day-school instruction. Our readers will agree that the scheme was a noble one, and worthy of the zeal and devotedness of our brethren. Its success thus far, however, has been only partial. The continuance of the American war, which has been so trying to our own population, has been still more disastrous to the population of Jamaica; and the lack of employment and the lowness of wages, in addition

to the severe drought of 1863, have greatly crippled the resources of the people; so that *their* portion of the Jubilee Fund will be much smaller than was hoped.

It was, however, always an element in our brethren's calculations, that they would receive help from this country. They considered, and as we believe rightly, that the jubilee of the Jamaica Mission was not *theirs* alone; that there were still thousands in this country to whom the Mission was dear; and that the names of the departed heroes of the Mission were still spells and watchwords to many English Baptists and Christians. Unfortunately, the time when our brethren made their appeal was the time when our own Missionary Society was in the very crisis of its pecuniary embarrassment. It was impossible to listen to the appeals of even our beloved Jamaica brethren, when our own Mission was struggling with a deficit which was as alarming as it was unexpected. That trial has now been mercifully removed. The removal of the embarrassment was as wonderful as its advent had been previously unexpected. It is now, under these circumstances, when our hearts are full of gratitude to God for his goodness to ourselves, that our brother Mr. Teall is sent to present to us the claims of the Jubilee Fund for Jamaica.

The special appeal of Mr. Teall is on behalf of education. The state of education amongst the people of Jamaica is exceedingly low. According to Mr. Underhill, whose testimony, given in 1861, remains true in 1864, "Education, beyond the acquisition of the mere art of reading, is confined to a very small proportion of the children of the school age." "A very large proportion of the children of Jamaica are growing up without any kind of instruction at all." Not that nothing is being done. The Government, whose aid our brethren cannot accept, expends by means of grants-in-aid about three thousand pounds annually. In the lists of the recipients of these funds the Church of England stands the most prominent. The Wesleyans are doing something, and the Moravians probably more. Our own brethren, in proportion to their means, are doing nobly. During the past year, we are informed, there were seventy-three day schools in connection with the churches of the Jamaica Baptist Union, having 4,352 scholars on the books, and an average daily attendance of 2,882. Unfortunately, the attendance of the children appears to be far from regular, and of all the 4,352 scholars, the whole number of those who have gone as far as rule of three (in arithmetic) is ninety-six. Their other attainments are, of course, in proportion. Even this amount of instruction is given with great difficulty, and in numerous instances the ministers, rather than allow the schools to be closed, have been compelled to sacrifice a portion of their own inadequate incomes. If we look at what is *not* being done, the picture is a painful one. "Of the 62 churches constituting the Union in 1862, 57 were reported to contain 19,517 members and 3,637 inquirers, or, in round numbers, 23,000 persons. From 20 of these 57 churches no schools are reported for the past year, and it is to be supposed that none exist. Fully one-third of the churches connected with the Union are, therefore, taking no part in the work of promoting day-school education. The 73 in operation are reported by two-thirds of the churches, and if the other one-third were equally represented in the school tabular, the number of schools would be raised to 109, the scholars on the books to 6,528, and the average attendance to 4,323. But even then the scholars on the books would be to the members and inquirers only as two to seven, and the number in average attendance but little more than two to eleven. It may be difficult, if not impossible, to form an estimate of the proportion there should be between the number of children at school and the number of adult persons connected with the churches; but we may reasonably assume that there should be at least one child for every two adults; and, if so, then ought there to be in attendance at schools connected with the Union 11,500 children—not reckoning the children of those who attend our places of worship but are not enrolled as members or inquirers—or *five times the present attendance.*" *

The *effects* of this state of things are not difficult to calculate. The officers of the churches (who were born slaves), though intelligent and pious, are destitute of the simplest elements of education, and are, therefore, far less efficient than they should be; *and little provision is being made for raising a superior class.* The Sunday schools suffer exceedingly from the want of a sufficient number of qualified teachers; *and little provision is being made for raising a superior class.* Even the social and moral progress of the people is seriously retarded by the want of education; so that, unless education be provided, there appears to be little chance of the emancipated population of

* Report of the Educational Society in connection with the Jamaica Baptist Union for the year 1863.

Jamaica attaining the position we desire to see it occupy, and which it is certainly capable of holding. Of course the evil perpetuates itself. What the parents are—the increasing influence of religion alone left out of the account—that the children will be. Assuredly, this is not what is desired by those who are interested in the advancement of the Negro race.

What, then, is to be done? We fear that the brethren in Jamaica themselves cannot do much more than they are at present doing. Even apart from present adverse circumstances, they have never yet fully recovered from the trial that came upon them in the fifteen years between 1843 and 1858, when, it is computed, the resources of the people were reduced one half, and when the utmost the churches could do was to give a bare subsistence to those who ministered to them in their distress the consolations of the Gospel. At that time education languished, Mission property went into decay, and many on the spot thought that the Mission would be totally destroyed. Since 1858, there has been no doubt a decided, though gradual, improvement. The ministry has been better sustained; a systematic effort has been commenced for the gradual restoration of the decayed property, and something considerable has been done in this direction; and some new places of worship are in course of erection. But to do all that requires to be done in this matter will task the energies of the people to the utmost for some years; and whilst they are thus striving, amidst many difficulties, to maintain and extend Gospel institutions in the island, and are doing what they can for their fatherland Africa, it is not in their power to do much more than they do at present, for the education of their children and neighbours.

It is under these circumstances that our brother Mr. Teall comes to England by the request of the Jamaica Baptist Union. It is not his wish, nor that of his brethren, that education should be *given* to the people. It is desired only to provide *the means* of education, and to put it within the reach of the people themselves. To do this, it is believed that the sum of three thousand pounds is required at once; and as, owing to the scattered condition of the population in many districts of the island, the schools cannot be very numerously attended, and the fees realized must therefore be insufficient to meet the wants of the teachers, it is hoped that a thousand a year may be raised for a few years in England, to provide for that necessity. Is this too much for the pastors of the churches in Jamaica to ask? Is it too much for the churches in England to give? Especially, is it too much to ask and to give, in view of the labours and successes of the last fifty years? When the Baptist Missionary Society celebrated its Jubilee, the churches in Jamaica contributed nearly as much money as they now ask of us. If they of their poverty contributed nearly three thousand pounds to *our* Jubilee, cannot we of our wealth contribute three thousand pounds to theirs? Of course, the question is not for us, but for the churches. We do not presume to dictate or to predict the answer. All we wish to do in this article is to indicate our view of the urgency of the case, and to recommend Mr. Teall, for his own sake, and for the sake of the cause he serves, to the kind and cordial reception of our brethren all through the country.—*From The Freeman.*

Before these lines reach the eyes of our readers, the Rev. Alfred Saker will be on his way to Africa to resume his arduous and self-denying labours among the savage tribes of the Cameroons river. When, nearly twenty years ago, he began to preach the Gospel among them, they were utterly ignorant of the arts of civilized life. They wore no clothing. Their houses were built of mud. Their customs were cruel, sanguinary, and superstitious. Their language had never been reduced to writing, and was entirely unknown to every European. They were literally without God and without hope in the world. On settling among these wretched people, Mr. Saker's first step was to build himself a house. This at first was of timber; but the missionary, having taught some of them to make bricks, has now a house more durable—not liable to be eaten by ants or blown down by tornadoes—and he is now intending to build a chapel of the same material. Mr. Saker next proceeded to learn the language. This could only be done by taking down the words from the lips of the speakers. It was a long, wearisome task, attended by many mistakes in the early part of the work, owing to the ignorance of his informants, or to their fears lest what he should acquire would be turned to their injury. But perseverance conquered; and now Mr. Saker has not only reduced the language of the Duallas to writing, but prepared a vocabulary, an outline of the grammar of the tongue, translated school books, and above all the Word of God. The entire New Testament can now be read in Dualla, and also some of the books of the Old Testament. Then Mr. Saker obtained type and a press from England, and taught a few of

the natives how to set up types and to print books. Thus these translations are read from a printed page, are used in public worship, and in the native schools. As the language was mastered, the missionaries were able to speak to the people in their own tongue; a congregation was gathered, the Sabbath observed, and the Word of God preached. It pleased God to bless their labours, and many have been baptized, and a church of Christ has been formed. The committee, in their annual report, thus sum up the results of the self-sacrificing labours of their esteemed missionary:—"He has planted on a barbarous coast and amidst a savage people, a Christian colony, whence civilization and the Gospel may spread. He has taught them some of the arts of civilized life, has reduced their language to a written form, has translated and printed the whole of the New Testament and portions of the Old, as well as prepared a vocabulary, a grammar, and several primary school-books. A Christian church has been formed of fifty members, in addition to many who have been cheered in their last hours by the hope of eternal life. This has been accomplished in the midst of perils by sea and land, amongst savages thirsting for his blood, or by their spells hoping to destroy his life." Mr. Saker has not been alone in this work. From time to time others have gone to his help. The names of Merrick, Thompson, and Newbegin, are fragrant still. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Of late years Mr. Diboll and Mr. Peacock have taken part in the work. Mr. Saker will find on the spot Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. J. Fuller, and Mr. Pinnock (the two latter brethren from the island of Jamaica, the first-fruits of the mission there as messengers of Christ to the heathen), besides three or four native brethren, all entirely engaged in preaching the everlasting Gospel. The mission has also extended. Stations have been formed at Bimbia, Amboises Bay, John Aqua's Town, and Moretonville, besides the first and principal one at Bell's Town, on the Cameroons river. Mr. Saker is accompanied, not only by Mrs. Saker and his two children, who will contribute their time and strength to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, but also by Mr. Q. Thomson, who has long desired to devote himself to the service of Christ in Africa, but till now has been prevented by the Society's want of funds. His long-cherished desire is at length accomplished. For some months past he has been labouring as the pastor of the church at Inskip, in Lancashire, and our readers will remember how nobly this little church came forward to assist in the removal of the anticipated deficiency. Under his ministry they have enjoyed much spiritual prosperity. They part from him with the deepest regret; but have all along been aware that their youthful and devoted minister would, at the earliest opportunity, leave them for the mission-field abroad. Their prayers and affection go with him, a rich and fruitful inheritance. Previous to the departure of these dear friends, a very interesting farewell service took place at Bloomsbury chapel, on the 20th of last month. Addresses were given by the Rev. W. Brock, the Rev. C. M. Birrell, and Dr. Underhill; and the brethren Saker and Thomson gave a touching account of the motives which actuate them, and the feelings with which they go forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the heathen. Mr. Brock led the prayers of the congregation, imploring the Divine blessing to rest upon them, and his Almighty presence to accompany them in their errand of love. On the following day, the church at Inskip met to commend their youthful minister to God's care, and to express towards him their love and sympathy. Thus these dear brethren go forth with the good wishes of many, with the fervent prayers of the Lord's people, and with the entire confidence of the Society. May favouring winds waft them safely to their destination, and showers of grace quicken into spiritual life the seed they sow. They sailed from Liverpool on the 24th of September.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND INFIDELITY ON THE CONTINENT.—An incident has lately occurred in Switzerland which has excited the attention and active interference of the Evangelical Alliance on behalf of the Baptists in that country. *A Roman Catholic residing at Marbach, in the Canton of Lucerne, having recently become a Baptist, all his five children were forcibly taken from him by the police.* A similar incident has also taken place in the Canton of Appenzell. Both these occurrences were reported at the recent Calvin celebration at Geneva, and at a meeting held on that occasion the Swiss members of the Alliance determined at once to take the necessary steps for the protection of the persecuted Baptists, without waiting for the assistance of the foreign members. Since then the English branch of the Alliance has sent a deputation, headed by the faithful friend of the persecuted, Dr. Steane, to the Swiss Government. Having obtained a hearing, they were at once assured that, "*as soon as the meeting of the Chambers opened*, the matter should be brought under consideration, and doubtless the children would be restored." What was to become of these five little children in the meantime—the youngest an infant torn from its mother's arms! Of this we hear nothing; but those of our readers who are parents can best appreciate the severity of this kind of persecution. The length of time which intervened between the abduction of the children and their restoration is not stated in the *Missionsblatt;* but we find in the leading article of the September number, a month after the publication of the above facts, the following paragraph:—

"We rejoice to be able to commence this number with the joyful news, which has just come to hand, that the five children of the Baptist L——— at Marbach, in the Canton Lucerne, have been restored to him by order of the Government. For this he has, under God, to thank the Evangelical Alliance; for, to the efforts made by the Swiss and English branches of that Society may be attributed mainly the favourable issue of the case. May these and similar efforts for the promotion of religious liberty be everywhere crowned with success! That they will often be necessary, especially where, as in Lucerne, the Roman Catholic is the dominant form of religion—that the Catholic Church is the same persecuting church it always has been—may be seen also in the pastoral lately issued by the Archbishop of Geissel, on occasion of the festival of the Three Kings at Cologne, in which he exhorts all Catholics to '*pray for the rooting out of the heretics.*'"

The above-mentioned festival affords a melancholy proof of the power which superstition still has over the minds of the people of Germany. In the last week of July, numerous large processions of people wended their way to "holy Cologne," in order to do homage to the relics purporting to be the bones of the three "holy kings" brought to that city 700 years before. For several days the city flaunted in all the gaiety of flags and banners, flowers and garlands, and from every direction came streams of priests and people to celebrate the great event. Of course there is nothing in the Bible to prove that the "wise men from the East" were kings at all; this is only a traditional addition made in later times to the original history; and even this, if granted, would by no means prove the bones treasured up in the glorious cathedral of the "fortunate" (?) city of Cologne to be really the identical bones of these three kings; on the contrary, a careful investigation of the sacred bones, made by Professor Schaafhausen, has led him publicly to state in the newspapers that his conscientious conviction is that one of the three skulls is that of a child not more than seven years old, as it evidently has still the first set of teeth. Yet, what signifies this? The festival is kept; great blessings are promised to all who take part in it; and on a bill which was widely circulated amongst the pilgrims, headed by a bad woodcut representing the adoration of the infant Jesus by the wise men, stand the words! "*Holy three kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, pray for us now and in the hour of our death! This paper, which has been rubbed on the heads of the three most holy kings at Cologne, is effectual, by a firm faith, against all dangers in journeying, all headache, fits, fever, witchcraft, and sudden death!*" Twenty years ago, the miracle of the holy coat at Treves called up a storm of opposition in all parts of Germany. Now, a pamphlet in opposition to this festival, published by the Free Church at Cologne, has been interdicted by the authorities. It is evident, then, that the Roman Catholic Church has by no means lost influence in Germany since that time. When will the time come when men shall no longer adore bones and

relics, but shall praise and worship the living Christ by living faith? But while, on the one hand, *superstition* is thus boldly lifting up its head; on the other, the *infidelity* which holds such large sway in the national churches shows itself more and more. For instance, in the Palatinate, where, in consequence of new regulations in the church, the mass of the people have a much larger share than hitherto in the direction of church affairs, it may very plainly be seen by what spirit the masses are actuated. In one of the churches an election of elders took place amidst the greatest noise and confusion; and, although it began on Sunday evening, many of the electors were quite drunk, and the disorderly proceedings did not come to a close till three o'clock on Monday morning. In another place, where the election took place in the church, one elector, who was himself actually chosen as one of the elders, pulled a pipe out of his pocket and began to smoke in the church; and in one of these so-called evangelical churches two Roman Catholics were put forward as candidates!

"Let us," says the editor of the *Missionsblatt*, in conclusion, "turn away from these sad evidences of the superstition and infidelity which, alas! now so largely characterize the whole of Germany, to a country in which Christianity has already become one of the ruling powers in every-day life of the people—to Great Britain."

SEVERE PERSECUTION IN SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.—Mr. Scheve, of Bucksburg, sends the following account of his recent imprisonment:—

"Contrary to my expectation—for I had made up my mind for a long imprisonment—I was speedily released, for on the sixth day, some of the brethren having had an audience of the authorities, and bail having been given for my appearance at a certain time, I was permitted to go free. Although the prison was a wretched place, both as to its horrible cells and their low and wicked inhabitants, yet I spent some happy hours of spiritual enjoyment there. I felt the reality of the presence of God in my soul as I have rarely felt it before. That which is most terrible to the inhabitants of a prison is the sting of their consciences; this I both saw and heard while there; whilst I, on the contrary, could lay my head in peace on my hard pillow of straw, for my conscience was at rest. I was suffering for righteousness' sake. My missionary work, too, was not at a stand-still, for I was permitted to preach the Gospel to my fellow-prisoners. One morning I had five of them sitting round me while I read to them a portion of God's Word and explained it, and then together we bent our knees before the Lord and implored him to save their souls. The prison warder did all in his power to make my condition more comfortable. May the Lord reward him! On the 13th June, the second judgment of the court of justice for the principality was made known to me, to the effect that for once baptizing, and twice administering the Lord's Supper, I was sentenced to *a year and a half's imprisonment, and to pay all the costs.* At the first judgment I asked permission to make a public defence, but this was refused me as contrary to the laws of the principality. The second judgment was therefore given in my absence, and I have now appealed to the head-quarters of the Government in the hope that the sentence may be commuted, but I am still refused any opportunity of defending myself; however, I may employ a lawyer, if I think proper. This morning two of our brethren have had an audience of the prince and told him the circumstances. He appeared to feel sympathy, spoke kindly to them, but said they must appeal to the Government first—it would be time to apply to him afterwards; at the same time he expressed his fear that if we had too much liberty we should overrun the principality, and he must protect the Church. I only yesterday learned how severe are the laws published against us in 1852, viz.: '*If any missionary of the Baptists, either native or foreign, perform any priestly office, such as baptism, administration of the Lord's Supper, or marriage, he shall for every such offence be imprisoned for six months; and whoever conducts a meeting shall be imprisoned for one month. Any person circulating any book published by the Baptists, or attending any service held by them, shall be imprisoned for one month.*'"

We rely on the prayers of God's children, at home and abroad, on behalf of our persecuted brethren in Bucksburg, and especially of Brother Scheve, that the hearts of the princes may be turned in his favour.

DOMESTIC.

WEST END, HAMMERSMITH.—The union between the church in this place and its newly-elected pastor, the Rev. Philip Bailhache, late of Salisbury, was publicly recognized on Thursday evening, September 15. The place of worship was crowded. The Rev. Samuel Green, a member of the church, presided; and—after reading the Scriptures and prayer by the Revs. John Offord, of Kensington, and J. E. Richards, of Hammersmith—opened the meeting with a few pertinent remarks. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater, followed Mr. Green in a brief and lucid address. Mr. Otridge, a deacon of the church, then stated briefly the circumstances which had issued in the settlement of Mr. Bailhache; and Mr. Old, formerly a deacon of the church at Salisbury, now of Camden Road, London, bore tes-

timony to Mr. Bailhache's diligence and success in his sphere of labour in that town. Mr. Bailhache added a few words as to his views and feelings in accepting office in his present sphere. The Rev. L. Waterhouse, superintendent of the Hammersmith Wesleyan circuit, then offered special prayer for minister and people; words of affectionate counsel were addressed to Mr. Bailhache and to the people by the Rev. Wm. Crowe, a member of the church, and formerly pastor at Worcester; after which the Rev. Robert Macbeth, pastor of the Independent church at the Broadway, Hammersmith, and senior pastor in the town, spoke a few words of cordial welcome to Mr. Bailhache in the name of all the congregations and churches in the neighbourhood. After prayer, offered by the Rev. Charles Graham, of Shepherd's Bush, the Rev. Clement Bailhache, of Islington, and Wm. Heaton, Esq., in brief speeches, brought the service to a close. Two features in the meeting afforded great pleasure to all present; one, the kindly references made to the late pastor of the church, the Rev. John Leechman, LL.D., who will long be affectionately remembered by the people; and the other, the terms of respect and kindness with which the church at Salisbury was spoken of, together with the intimation given by Mr. Bailhache that that church is likely at an early period to be settled with a pastor.

Union Chapel, Oxford Road, Manchester.—On Wednesday evening, September 14, the Rev. A. M'Laren delivered to the members of the Mutual Improvement Society, and to his congregation generally, the first of what it is hoped will prove a series of lectures descriptive of his recent tour in the south of Europe. A very numerous company were entertained at tea; after which the lecturer commenced his task by informing his audience that his remarks would be divided into four sections, descriptive respectively of his visit to Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice; and that, as he found it impossible to condense the whole within the limits of a single lecture, he should confine their attention to the first-named section on the present occasion, with the hope that future opportunities might occur for disposing of the remainder. He then proceeded to describe in turn his visit to the harbour of Civita Vecchia, the bay and city of Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius. The description of the first-named place gave an opportunity for a most powerful and impressive picture of Italy, declining and corrupting under the paralysing sway of the Papal power, as compared with Italy revived and renewed under the enlightened rule of her new Sovereign. The scenery of the city and environs of Naples was next depicted, and some very picturesque and humorous descriptions of Neapolitan out-door life were given. A very vivid and deeply interesting account followed of the visit to the "buried city," and the whole closed with a vigorous and amusing description of the ascent and descent of Vesuvius. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. M'Laren at the close of the lecture, and a unanimous desire was expressed that his engagements might be so arranged as to permit of the early delivery of the remaining three lectures of the course. It is hoped that Mr. M'Laren may be induced, not only to gratify his own congregation by complying with the desire thus so heartily expressed, but also to extend the advantage at present enjoyed by a comparatively small circle, by giving his lectures to the public through the press.

Manorbeer, near Tenby, South Wales.—For some time the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been advertised to preach twice in the ancient castle of Manorbeer (in behalf of the Baptist chapel at Tenby), there not being any available place at Tenby sufficiently large to accommodate the crowds who were reasonably expected to attend. Accordingly, on Wednesday, September 14th, special trains ran hourly throughout the day, to and from Tenby, Pembroke, Pembroke Dock, and Manorbeer; vehicles of all descriptions landing their living freights in the neighbourhood of the picturesque old ruins. Early in the morning the rain fell in torrents, and prevented thousands from attending the first service, but fortunately, during the service, the weather became comparatively fine. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the morning from the 9th verse of the 15th chapter of St. John: the delivery of the sermon occupied about an hour and a quarter, and it was listened to throughout with the greatest attention. The afternoon being fine, the numbers admitted within the castle were greatly increased. The sermon was from Acts xiv. 7, containing the incident of the lame man at Lystra. The subject was treated in Mr. Spurgeon's well-known attractive manner: the main truths of the Gospel, as preached by Paul (untainted by the slightest approach to sectarianism), were set forth with appropriate and familiar illustrations, which could not be misunderstood by the least enlightened intellect of his large congregation, and which kept their earnest attention fixed on the subject during more than an hour. Another sermon was to have been preached